ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE MODERN MAN

VOLUME 26 NUMBER 8

MAYFAIR

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PAGE THREE BEAUTY
GAYNER GOODMAN
NAKED AND NAUGHTY!

SEXY STARS BARE THEIR BRAS

WILD CHILD EMMA RIDLEY STRIPS OFF!

THE FACTS
THE CARS BMW WANT TO HIDE

THE FIGURES
JUSTINE
NICOLE
DAWN
GINA
GILL
KIM

NUDE AND RUDE!

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Page 3 model Gayner Goodman chose *Mayfair* for her very first appearance in a men's magazine. We flew her to Jamaica and the results have to be seen to be believed.

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Powerboat racing is a sport not to be entered into lightly. It's thrilling, fast, and more often than not, it's highly dangerous.

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19-year-old Nicole may look the demure type, but as a judo expert, she's guaranteed to knock you out in more ways than one!

CENTRE GIRL

Kim Wetherby is a lady who bears more than just a passing resemblance to her namesake — Ms Basinger. The likeness is remarkable and we're sure that you'll agree!

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PAGE THREE EXCLUSIVE!

GAYNER GOODMAN

Photographs by George Richardson

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When gorgeous Gayner Goodman decided to make her very first men's magazine appearance, she knew it had to be in *Mayfair*. "There's no point going for second best, is there?" said north London's finest with a smile. We agreed, so we teamed up with top photographer George Richardson and flew the lady to Jamaica to make sure our favourite glamour girl looked her sparkling best.

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She's probably Britain's best loved Page Three girl of the moment – and we can certainly see why! Gayner, 21, has the kind of face and figure that men long for. But the girl from Muswell Hill is all-too-modest about her looks.

"It's all very flattering, but I see myself as an ordinary London girl," says Gayner. An ordinary girl who's travelled to Mexico, Jamaica, France, Spain and all points west on modelling assignments, now drives a flashy Golf Gti convertible and is a regular at London's glitziest nightspots.

"All that makes me sound like some sort of playgirl," giggles Gayner. "I like my nights in watching the telly with a cup of tea as well." Her tastes in viewing are a bit surprising, though. "Any sport – I've been riveted to the Test series – but mainly boxing. It's just the way you're brought up, I suppose: all my family were sports maniacs, and I got it from them."

When she's not glued to the box, you might find Gayner knocking around with her Page Three mates Linda Lusardi and Sarah Hollett. "They're great fun to be with and we've got so much in common... Well," she laughs, "at least two things, anyway!" Ⓜ

dawn

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Appearances can be deceptive. You might not take 22-year-old Dawn for a party animal, but since her first appearance in these pages that's just what she's become!

"I was photographed in my favourite antique undies, and I made a point of talking about them to the reporter," giggles Dawn. "It seems I struck a chord. Lots of male and, to my surprise, female friends of mine mentioned seeing my photographs, said how pretty they were and agreed with me that old-fashioned underwear is the biggest turn-on of all.

"The astonishing thing is how many different people read *Mayfair*. For instance, a girlfriend of mine who went to a convent school — I've always thought she was the most straightlaced person on earth — called me up out of the blue to congratulate me on my appearance and invite me to a party she was having the next week. And that

invitation was just one of many: I seem to be the most popular girl in Kent just at the moment!" We wonder why...

"I was always one for a night down at the disco, and I thought I was living it up then, but the cocktail party set are ten times worse! I haven't been getting to bed before five in the morning for weeks. Mind you, I took a couple of nights off from the high life to be sure I'd

look my best for this photoshoot. It's one thing dressing up for a party, but undressing for *Mayfair* is a lot more important! And, if I'm honest, it's a lot more fun too. Can I be in again next month?" Ⓜ

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justine
Photographs by Ralph Medland
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Not even *Mayfair* could have predicted the huge response that greeted the appearance of twin sisters Justine and Samantha King in last month's issue.

"I'm absolutely overwhelmed," 22-year-old Justine told us, referring to the bundles of mail that arrived at the *Mayfair* office requesting the reappearance of the heavenly twins. "It's just a pity that Samantha can't be here too."

It seems that due to unforeseen circumstances — namely a cycling holiday in Europe — we can only bring you one half of the captivating duo who share the same perfect 34C-23-35 figure.

"I know Samantha really enjoyed the shoot we did together, and she wouldn't have missed it for the world. It made us both feel very special being the centre of attention. I'm used to

sharing the spotlight with Samantha, so it's going to be very different posing by myself.

"Normally, we're completely inseparable," Justine laughed. "And on the one occasion that she decides to go off on holiday without me, *Mayfair* wants both of us back! I guess I'll just have to make sure that she knows the effect we had on your readers!" Ⓜ

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kim

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We're not the only ones who spotted the striking resemblance between Kim Wetherby of Kent and her namesake, the actress Kim Basinger.

"I get stopped in the street all the time, when people are convinced I'm her," Kim sighs. "And when they find out my name is Kim too — they won't go away until they've got an autograph!"

The 21-year-old has only one gripe about being confused with the celebrated star. "People think I'm like the girl in *9 1/2 Weeks,* but I'm not at all kinky like she was — I'm just a normal, sexy girl."

Gorgeous Kim keeps her 35-23-35 figure fighting fit with karate lessons twice a week, and her mind in top form with evening classes in business management. "I think a girl should be able to look after herself in every way," she explains. "Men much prefer a bit of a challenge."

No plans to follow in her namesake's footsteps? "Oh no," Kim laughs. "Acting has never appealed to me. But if I happened to find a Mickey Rourke lookalike — I'd be a happy girl!" Ⓜ

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MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
k i m

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
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Nicole

Nicole may look like the quiet and demure type, but looks can certainly be deceiving. For when this Wiltshire-born wonder isn't posing for Britain favourite magazine, she keeps her 36-24-36 figure in shape by throwing grown men around! Sounds unreal? We'll let Nicole do the explaining...

"You're obviously refering to my judo classes — or at least I hope you are!" laughed Nicole, casually flicking her long dark hair over her shoulders. "Seriously though, my interest in judo first came about around three years ago. I wanted an activity that would keep my figure in trim as well as give me the chance to enjoy myself, so judo seemed the obvious choice!"

Surely aerobics would've been a lot less strenuous?

"Too boring," laughed the 19-year-old fitness fanatic. "What other sport gives you the chance to meet lots of handsome well-built gentlemen — and then fling them over your shoulder onto

Photographs by Geoff Howes

the floor? Anyway, I think the results stand out for themselves. It certainly seems to have done wonders for my figure, don't you think?"

Well, we're certainly not going to start an argument with Nicole, are we? Ⓜ

GINA

Italian-born Gina is certainly a well-travelled young lady. Born in Naples, raised and educated in Vienna, before living in Staten Island, New York for two years; now she's decided to sample the English pace of life and is currently residing in Bristol.

"I guess you could say that I've got itchy feet," laughs the 23-year-old globetrotter, smoothing her hands over her 34-23-34 figure. "My parents always encouraged me to travel the world and sample different cultures, and I've taken them at their word. It's certainly been a very enriching experience for me, and I look forward to staying in England for, oh, at least two or three months!"

So, no plans to make England your place called home?

"I'm tempted," Gina told us, flicking her long dark hair over her shoulders, "very tempted. I've had a lot of attention lavished on

Photographs by Matt Fisher

me by admiring gentlemen here, which is always very nice. But I reckon it'll take a lot more to make me stay in one place for any amount of time. My travelling days are far from over — who knows where I'll be in a year from now?"

Let's hope that it's back on the pages of *Mayfair!* Ⓜ

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gill

Female fantasy figures are often women in uniform, and Gill Knight has squeezed her 36-23-35 figure into more than her share of crisp white blouses and smart suits. The 27-year-old from Cardiff has been a travel

courier, a coach stewardess and started training as an air hostess before settling down in Lincolnshire. Even now she has to wear a uniform every night, working for her local pub/restaurant. "I'm doomed to spend my life looking formal," said Gill sulkily. "This is my way of showing that there is something sexy under the terylene!" Has being a woman-in-uniform led to many amorous encounters? "The travel business was the best. There were dozens of macho types who thought that laying the courier was as much a part of going away as writing postcards!" she laughed. Did she take any of them up on their offers? Her reply was a deep blush, so you can draw her own conclusions. The coach business was somewhat less exciting. "There's no equivalent of the Mile High Club on a coach, but I did have to turn a blind eye to some randy passengers covered in coats on the back

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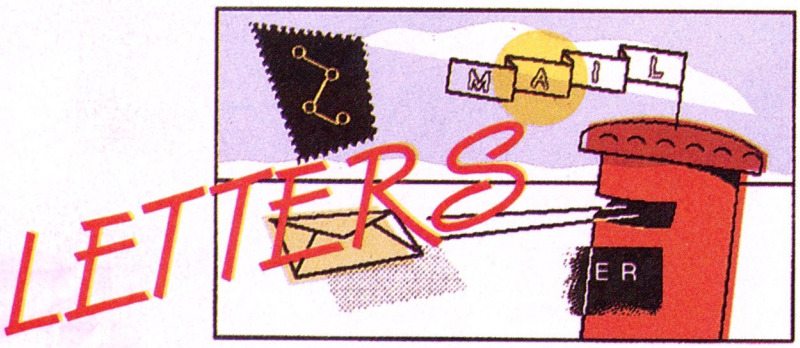
seats. I don't know why men fancy girls in uniform, I didn't enjoy wearing them much. I feel much more sensual in lingerie like this. When I dressed up and started slowly stripping for the camera, I admit, I felt naughtier than I've ever done. My mind was reeling on the way home. I couldn't sit still!"

Do her boyfriends think of her as a formal courier or sensual model? "Oh guys who meet me soon find out what I'm really like." No wonder the word is that the hottest thing in Gill's pub/restaurant is Miss Knight herself. Ⓜ



We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Boxing not-so-clever

Your sports writer Bob Holmes obviously knows his stuff, but he also seems to have a remarkable knack of missing what is in front of his nose. His recent article on Chris Eubank ignored the fact that Eubank is a rather average fighter but a brilliant PR man, who has only achieved his fame because he is handier with his mouth than his fists.

Holmes' piece on Mike Tyson was more worthwhile, though I would argue that Tyson still can't be compared with the greats: Marciano, Frazier and Ali were boxers, while Tyson still relies on sheer agression to see him through a bout.

All that said, it's good to find a magazine in this country which takes sports writing seriously. Keep up the good work.
JS, London SW12

Sexy Stacy

Chic, class, glamour – all words that spring to mind on witnessing Stacy (Vol 26 No 6). The shots of her almost-revealed in chiffon were extremely beautiful, and brought out the 'naughtiness' in her nature that she's so proud of.

I think it's quite remarkable the way some women seem to suddenly put another aspect of their personality on display when they get in front of the camera. But let me assure you, Stacy – you could never be too naughty for me!
LD, Swansea

Perfect O

I wasn't very sexually experienced when I met my present girlfriend, Danniella. Danni is several years older than I am, and she's certainly been an education. Through her I have discovered the delights of oral sex, both giving and receiving.

Danni loves to perform fellatio on me. She kneels down and gently takes my limp member into her mouth, caressing it very gently with her cool lips and tongue until it springs to life. She has a soft, muscular tongue, and with it she sensually stimulates the underside of my cock and my sensitive helmet, before enveloping my whole length in her mouth.

The first time she did it, the feeling was so incredible that I came virtually before she'd got going. Danni was unfazed, however, and simply swallowed the lot, before coaxing my amazed cock back to life.

Now, of course we've got it down to a fine art. Danni brings me to the edge time and time again with her teasing lips and exploring tongue, stopping just in time as she gently cups my balls with one hand, before finally giving me a firm suck that seems to bring my orgasm from the depths of the earth!

Hooray for the experienced and adventurous woman!
RD, Moffat

California girls

The pictures of beautiful Antonia (*see top right*) in Vol 26 No 6 reminds me of an experience of mine which until now I've kept secret.

A couple of years ago, I went on holiday to America. I'm the adventurous sort, and it was quite an impulsive decision. I packed my rucksack, got a standby flight, and 11 hours later I was in California.

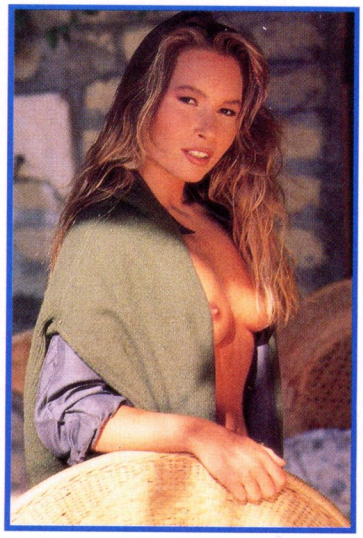
You've never seen such beautiful people till you've been to California! The men on the beach are all muscled out, and the girls – well, that's my story...

I was lazing around on the only beach in Santa Monica, when this tall tanned Antonia look-alike came up with her towel, suncream and shades and sat down next to me. She wore a tiny bikini and had a perfect tan all over. As we both sunbathed, we got talking to each other and found we got on really well. It turned out she was holidaying alone too.

We agreed to meet later in the bar of the hotel where she was staying. When I walked in, Gwen was sipping a cocktail at the bar, dressed in jeans and a tight red top which clung to her perfect figure. She looked sensational, with her golden hair tumbling over her shoulders. My more rounded body was wrapped in my favourite black velvet dress, and I wore my shoulder-length dark hair loose.

We carried on chatting, and then the bar got too full, so Gwen suggested that we go up to her room. Sitting on the bed sipping wine, we were soon in fits of giggles, and I hardly noticed when she reached over and put her arm around me. The next moment we were kissing!

It all seemed so completely natural that I didn't think to stop what was happening. She was a fabulous kisser; her tongue explored my mouth as she pressed her luscious lips firmly onto mine. I felt her hands all over my body, then they slipped up my dress and along my thighs.



When her fingers reached the gusset of my panties, she paused, gently running her finger tips along the material. My clitty was a hard button against the fabric and I could barely suppress a moan. Just as her teasing was driving me into a frenzy, she withdrew her hand and swiftly unbuttoned my dress, leaving me naked apart from my black briefs and stockings. Then she turned me round and eased me onto all fours and began to caress my hips and bum cheeks from behind.

Her hands felt delicious on me.

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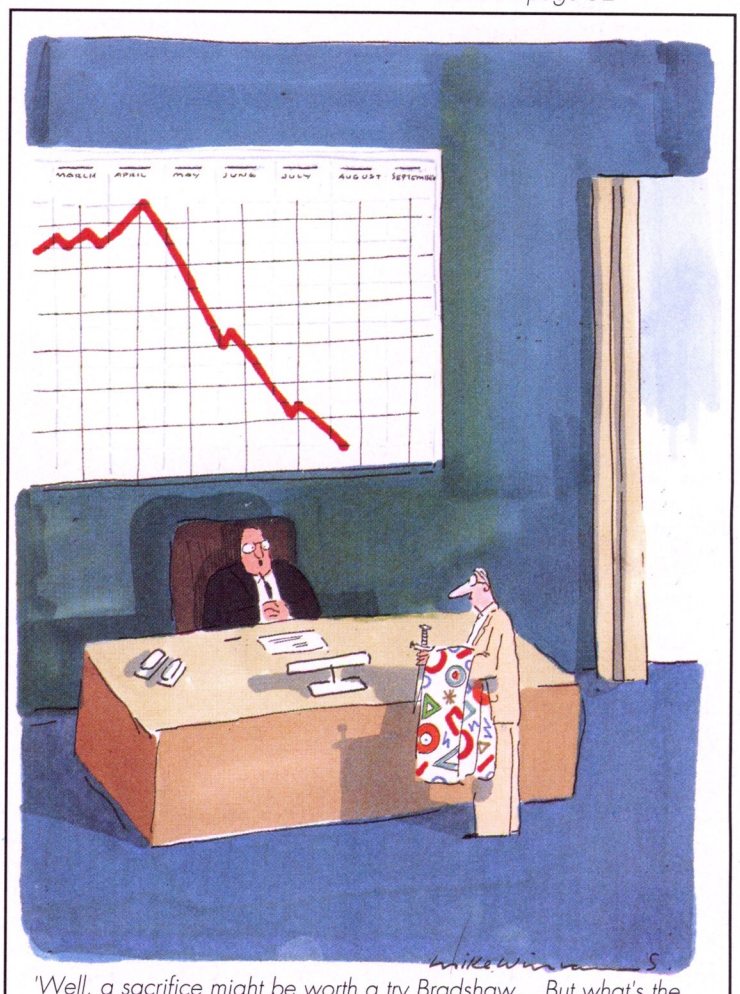

'Well, a sacrifice might be worth a try Bradshaw... But what's the chances of finding a virgin in the typing pool?'

Continued from page 4

My pussy lips swelled and juiced up as she slid her fingers along the gusset of my knickers from behind, and her other hand tweaked and stroked my hard pink nipples.

I was in ecstasy, writhing and twisting against her fingers. She kissed my bum cheeks as she worked her hands and fingers over every inch of my body. Then suddenly she pulled my panties to one side and I felt something long and hard slide into my pussy, wider and more rigid than any cock I'd experienced. I looked round, and Gwen had produced a dildo from under the bed. It reached deep inside me, stimulating every nerve, faster and faster until I thought I would explode.

As she thrust into me, Gwen moaned and squeezed her own ample breasts, then slid her fingers between her legs to bring herself off.

It wasn't long before my pussy walls clamped around the dildo and my body was engulfed by my orgasm. Still Gwen slid the dildo in and out of me, bringing me to peak after peak, until finally I collapsed on the bed, exhausted.

When I'd recovered, I could barely believe that I'd just had great sex with a woman. After that I never saw Gwen again and I haven't had a lesbian experience since, but those pictures of Antonia brought it all back!
LI, Birmingham

Come back Carrie!

The new *Mayfair* is doing an excellent job finding the sexiest girls around, and is once again the best men's magazine in Britain. But haven't you forgotten just one thing? The very best feature of the old *Mayfair* (dropped some years ago, I'm sad to say) was Carrie, that great cartoon strip based on the old Jane series in the Mirror. Why not bring it back and give a great mag the finishing touch?
RT, Lancs

We're chatting to Carrie about her return – when she can keep her clothes on, that is. So look out for her... – The Editor

Out of the blue

I was flicking through a magazine one day and I came across the lonely hearts column. Now normally this isn't my thing at all, but one particular ad caught my eye. On an impulse, I replied. But I didn't hear anything for about three weeks and had virtually forgotten all about it.

Then one evening the phone rang. I picked it up, and this wonderfully sexy woman's voice informed me that her name was Suzy and that she was the woman behind the ad.

If I thought her voice was sexy, that was nothing compared to what was coming! We agreed to meet in a fairly well-known pub between our two homes, and I was there first, waiting nervously. I knew it was her when she walked in the door. She'd told me she had blonde hair and was slim and would be wearing a red dress but I wasn't prepared for her to be so stunning.

She recognised me instantly, and when our eyes met, there was a real electricity between us.

I bought her a drink and we chatted away, getting on like a house on fire. As the evening drew on, we were both loathe to part, but I had no intention of behaving improperly on what was, effectively, a first date.

So it was Suzy who suggested that I pop back to her place for a nightcap. As we left the pub, she turned round and gave me a soft kiss on the mouth. It sent shivers right through me, and it was with great difficulty that I restrained myself from pulling her close to me there and then.

At her very comfortable flat, she poured me a drink and curled up next to me, her thigh pressing against me. I still hesitated, and she took my hand and placed it on her leg, then she reached up and kissed me again.

Taking my drink from my hand she stood up in front of me and began slowly to take off her dress. "I've never wanted to do this before," she said. "I've never met anyone like you until now." I stared as her dress fell to her ankles. Underneath she wore a creamy bra and panties and black stockings. Her body was even more beautiful in the flesh, curved but firm, her shiny hair cascading over her shoulders.

She came over to me and slowly undressed me. I reached up and felt her breasts through her bra. Her nipples grew hard against my palms as I stroked them, then I undid her bra and her boobs tumbled out, brushing against my face as she leaned over me. Her pink nipples poked into my mouth, and I ran my tongue over and around them, pausing every few moments to kiss the soft skin of her boobs and gorgeous deep cleavage.

She stood before me and I gently pulled down her brief panties, revealing a soft blonde thatch of pubic hair. My hands kneaded her bum cheeks as I kissed my way down her belly to her bush. Her pussy lips were already plumped up, and as I stroked them with my finger I could feel how damp and warm she was between them. I explored her with my fingers as she moaned and pulled my face to her breasts. Her clitoris was prominent and hard and when I circled it gently with my fingertip, her hips began to move against me, her fingers twining through my hair. I stroked back and forth along her slit, sliding first one then two fingers into her warm, wet pussy. She moved in little circles against me, her pussy walls gripping my fingers.

By now my cock was rigid, and I

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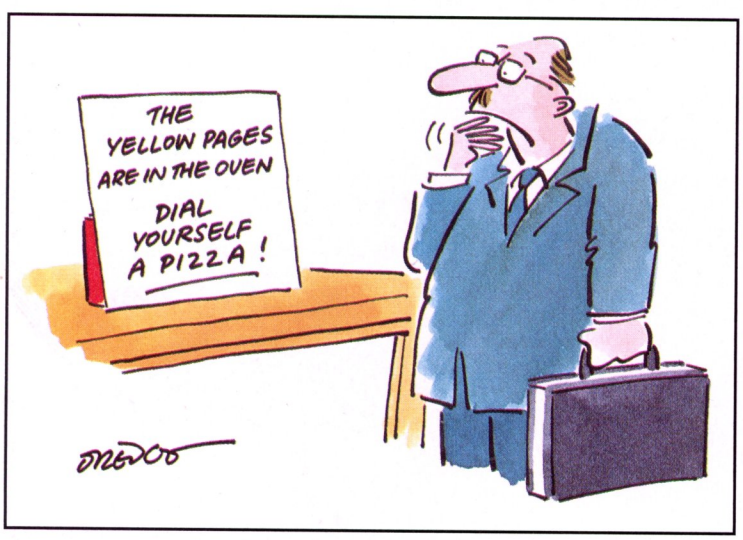


Girl next door

Why don't women like Jenny (Vol 26 No 6) live next door to me? On one side I've got a bad tempered old lady (87) who bangs on the wall if one of my chairs creaks; and on the other side I've got a huge sprawling family, whose infinite oikish members I still haven't managed to count though I've suffered here for two years.

British suburbia does not seem to produce sweet, wanton and irresistibly attractive maidens, except in the pages of *Mayfair*! The answer? Evidently to move to Poole – which I wrongly imagined was inhabited only by 5,000 clones of my grouchy old neighbour!
PL, Surrey

Continued from page 52

was desperate to sink it deep into the inviting pussy I was exploring. I gently sat her down on my lap, and she guided my cock into her. Eagerly she began to bounce up and down on me, sending delicious shooting sensations through me that I knew I couldn't stand for much longer. Then I felt her pussy contract around me again and again as she climaxed, and that brought me to the point of no return.

With two or three deep thrusts into her, I flooded her pussy, while she still bounced and climaxed, squeezing every last drop from me. Then she fell back against me, totally exhausted, but with a big smile on her face.

Suzy and I were a couple for years. She was the sexiest woman I've ever met – and she came along when I least expected it. I wonder if it's always true that these things jump at you out of the blue, or can you find other girls like Suzy if you know where to look? Perhaps other *Mayfair* readers could say how they met the sexiest woman they've ever known – it might give all of us some clues!
KN, Hertfordshire

Writer's blues

Just a cautionary note to any budding writers who may have been given a slightly false impression by Charles Bukowski in your excellent interview (Vol 26 No 5).

Bukowski is in danger of glamorizing the poverty-stricken lifestyle of the struggling writer, and I believe this is a mistake. To write well, one really needs to have enough to eat and somewhere to live in reasonable comfort. Seediness always makes for a good article, but as a successful writer myself who has been both poor and subsequently reasonably well-off, I'd like to say that I hated my years of living on potatoes and tinned sardines, and am very pleased that my hard work has paid off at last. Starving in a garret never made anyone an artist: it just made them hungry!
HG, Newcastle

Secret desires

A lot has been written in the last few years about sexual fantasy. We know a lot about what men think about to increase their desire, and usually it's not the person they're making love to! But not so much is known about women's sexual fantasy, possibly because they tend to keep sexy secrets like that to themselves.

I'd like to break the mould and tell *Mayfair* readers mine...

In my fantasy, I'm wearing a tight skirt and a thin lacy top with no bra underneath. In fact I'm not wearing any underwear at all, only a pair of heels. My figure is quite curvy, so I'm practically spilling out of these clothes, but I don't look tarty; in fact anyone looking at me would just think, what an attractive, sexy woman.

I'm in a pub after work on a Friday evening. It's packed and I'm squashed against the bar trying to catch the barmaid's attention. I'm crammed so tightly on each side that I can't move at all. The movement of the bodies against me, and the sensation of wearing no underwear is getting me pretty horny too.

Suddenly I feel my skirt sliding up to my waist. I'm startled but I can't move to see what's going on.

A pair of hands begins to stroke my bum cheeks, reaching between them, running gently on my slit. By now the barmaid has come to take my order and I try to sound as if nothing untoward is happening at all.

My pussy lips have swollen and juiced up, even though I have no idea who is doing this to me, and unbelievable pleasure is building up inside me. Then without any further preliminaries, a huge, strong cock slides into me and begins thrusting deep into my pussy. I have to grip onto the bar to stop myself from moaning, it feels so good. The thrusting gets faster and faster, and as I take my drink, an incredible orgasm floods over me, and I nearly drop it. But then, just as I expect to feel the stranger's cock explode inside me, the thrusting stops, my skirt is replaced, and it's as if nothing's happened.

Finally I manage to turn round, but there's no one behind me. The man who gave me the best climax of my life has disappeared.

If we're honest, we know that both men and women have many fantasies, and it is very arousing both to hear those of the opposite sex, and to tell your own. On many a long night by myself or on the boring journey to work – that's what I'm thinking about, and I find it a turn-on to confess it to your readers. So come on all you lady *Mayfair* fans – confess those naughty thoughts!
D B, London

Spice of life

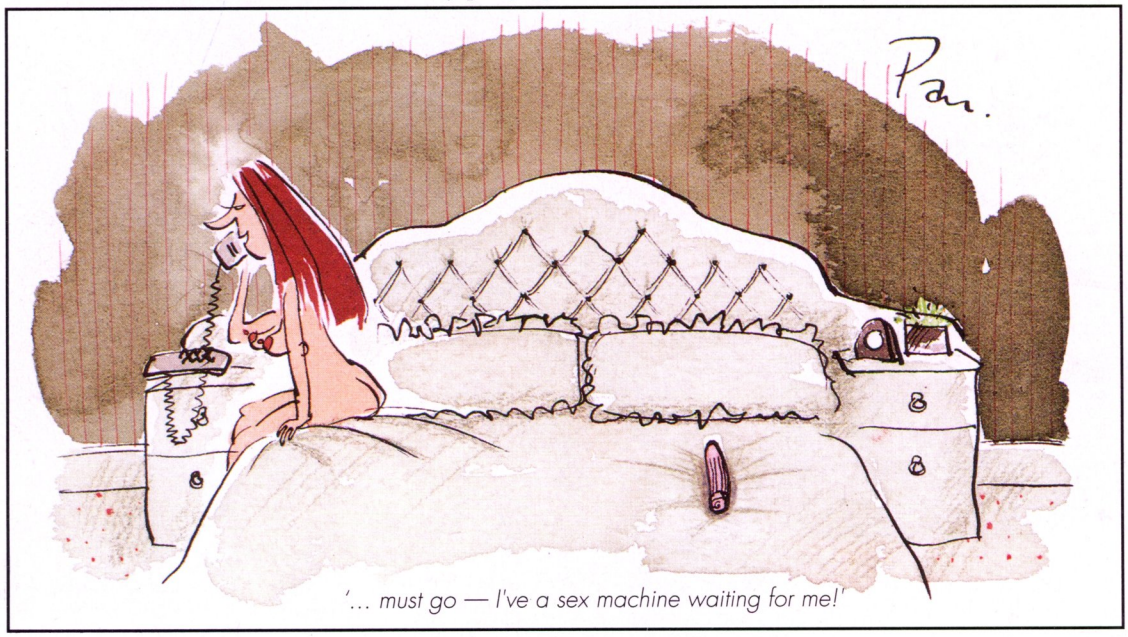
What I didn't realise before I bought *Mayfair* several years ago is the variety of shapes and sizes beautiful women and their bodily parts come in. I had always had a fairly stereotyped idea that, say, boobs were all perfectly round with pointed pink nipples, when in actual fact they come in as many shapes and sizes as noses or eyes do. Marilyn (Vol 26 No 5) was a perfect case in point. She had the most gorgeous blunt-ended 'nubby' breasts I've ever seen, that just make a man want to run his fingers and his lips all over them. Thanks *Mayfair* for showing us the full, wonderful variety of the female form in your excellent magazine.
WB, Norwich

Photo frolics

With reference to the photography article in your Scene section (Vol 26 No 6), I'd like to warn readers that taking glamour pics of girls isn't as easy as it might appear – even if you do have a video to help you!

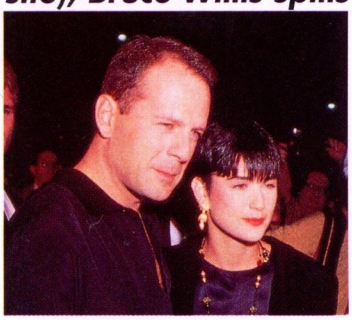
As a keen amateur photographer with a delicious girlfriend, I decided to combine my two favourite pastimes and take a photoset of Lydia in several of her more provocative poses. What happened? She was barely down to her lacy camisole and French knickers when she complained that she was too cold, halting proceedings for a good half-hour while I fiddled with the radiators. That done, we continued where we had left off, and Lydia performed the most erotic strip that I've ever seen her do. It's amazing what the presence of a camera will do to a girl, I can tell you!

And I have to say that it wasn't long before my concentration started to waver. How could I stay behind a lens when she was twisting and turning, displaying her gorgeous breasts and rounded bottom right in front of my face? Our photo session quickly degenerated, as I joined her on the set and got my lips around her nipples and my eager cock inside her. I kept the camera on automatic, though, and so we got a set of pictures to remember the occasion by – even if we can't show them to anyone!
LJ, Somerset Ⓜ



'... must go — I've a sex machine waiting for me!'

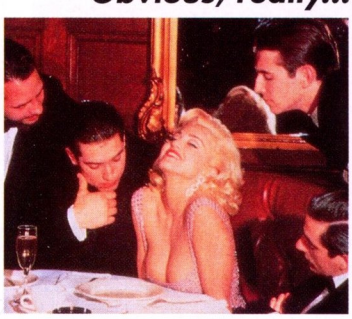
The Scene's buzzing this month: free-wheelin' Bob Holmes hits The Tour (opposite), Bruce Willis spills



the beans (page 22), the biggest stars bare their bras (23), and

Tony Price finds the cars BMW won't let you drive (24). Plus

our regular review of what's worth watching, which this month includes Madonna's boobs. Obvious, really...



mayfair says

WE ADMIRE a writer who is prepared to risk his neck. Bob Holmes, our macho sports correspondent, refused to hedge his bets when writing about the West Indies cricket tour. "We have perfected the mid-innings collapse to the level of an art form, and Viv Richards and his cohorts will take full advantage," quoth Bob, bristling with confidence.

As we go to press, England have just completed their first home victory against the Windies since 1969, and look likely to repeat the performance. Bob draws our attention to England's victory in the first Test during the two teams' last meeting in the West Indies, when our boys went on to lose the series 2-1. But he does not look quite as assured as he was, and has been buying the Editor a lot more drinks than usual.

Prediction is a dangerous game (though not as dangerous as Curtly Ambrose will be when he gets a decent wicket under him, we reckon). We shall confine ourselves to predicting that this issue is one of our sexiest and liveliest yet. We're off to the local to celebrate — and Bob's buying.

glamour

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

OUR exclusive series of Page Three girls featured in recent editions of Mayfair has sparked off a lively debate on the changing shape of Britain's best-loved boobs.

"Is it my imagination," writes Michael from Havant, "or have those 36 double Ds, so popular in the early 80s, been pushed out by the smaller but perfectly formed boobs of Donna

All change! Above: Debee Ashby. Right: Dee Ivens. Bottom: Katie Orgill. Left: Maria Whittaker.

Ewin and pals?" This seemed a question worth looking into.

The page that made *The Sun* shine, and turned the tabloid into the best looked at, if not actually read, paper in Britain started back in 1969. But the first topless models weren't big in any sense of the word. Carol Needham and Jilly Johnson were nicely rather than amply proportioned, but the Thatcher years were to change that!

The 80s was the decade of massive consumption. Top men demanded bigger and bigger assets, and a big boob boom was in tune with the spirit of the times. Karen Richardson (a *Mayfair* covergirl) was the first Page Three Girl of the Year in 1980, and shaped the way yuppies wanted their wages (a vast figure, mostly upfront). Two years later, the smaller but beautifully round Linda Lusardi won the title (after her modelling debut in *Mayfair*, of course), but she had to make way for the heavyweight champion of Page Three, Samantha Fox. From 1984 to 1987 she was way out in front popularity-wise, with her 34DD figure not exactly hidden by a five foot two frame. Sam may have her knockers but she is still the biggest name from Page Three.

Sam wasn't the only one, though. Other girls with bigger endowments than the Pru were also popular in the 80s. "Delicious double D" Debee Ashby took the size prize at 40 inches, but Lu Varley wasn't backward in pointing forward either at 38D. Facially, both were sweet rather than stunning, but that was their appeal.

The next treasure chest to be uncovered belonged to 36DD Maria Whittaker, who bust onto the scene in the late 80s. But just as the 90s is producing a "new man", it's giving us a new Page Three Girl too. So whilst fans fully expected Maria to become as famous as Sam Fox, instead she had to make way for the slim but stunning Kathy Lloyd.

And now a whole breed of models like Katie Orgill and Dee Ivens are proving that a pretty face and pert boobs are the order of the day. Perhaps slim girls are more environmentally-friendly (there's less wasted bra material, for a start!); more likely there happens to be a bevy of nicely rather than heavily built beauties around. And in these recessionary times, if you're a bit short, what better than cutting down on your overheads?

gizmos

WHAT DO YOU USE YOURS FOR?

CLIMBER Chris Bonnington credits his with conquering the South West Face of Everest. Balloonist Per Lindstrand said his was better company than Richard Branson when floating thousands of feet over the Atlantic. Even writer Alen Coren said that his Pocket Pal is the only thing he'd need on a desert island. And what is it? The Swiss Army Knife of course, that trusty companion of people who make a habit of going round taking stones out of pensioners' hooves, or something like that.

Sole importers of the Swiss Army Knife, Victorinox, claim that there is no better way to impress a girl than with a flash of your multi-purpose Swiss Champ (£44.95), which has 16 blades and incorporates 24 different functions from cutting and sawing to magnifying and screwing. And all this time we thought women just went for big bulges in your trousers.

Other knives available in this impressive series are the Huntsman, the Explorer and the Ranger, all imported by Victorinox of Leicester.

The Swiss Champ penknife: more interesting than Richard Branson.

sport

TOUR LeMOND

WHEN IT comes to tough sporting challenges, "tearing around France for three weeks in July with your ass in the air and your head over a precipice," probably beats them all. That's how American defending champion, Greg LeMond, once described the annual odyssey on two wheels that is pedalling into our summer sporting consciousness. Wimbledon, Henley, Lords... now hurtling round a hairpin comes the Tour de France.

Although no Briton has ever won the Tour de France — the first to don the coveted yellow jersey was Tommy Simpson, who died of a drug overdose soon afterwards — recent victories by LeMond and Ireland's Stephen Roche have guaranteed an increased level of awareness from the English speaking world.

The bare, statistical bones of the Tour are impressive enough, but not even its 2,125 miles, its 100 degree temperature or its 6,000 overhangs can hint at the agony that awaits those brave enough to compete. For if the tar-melting Mediterranean sun does not sap the rider's strength, then climbing a daily total of 20,000 feet from tropical to arctic temperatures surely will — even on the sort of incline where Chris Bonnington would reach for his crampons, where speeds seldom drop below 24 mph.

And then they have to come down. Even skiers would reject such descents as suicidal, but they are somehow negotiated at a saddle-blazing 60 mph, the incredible convoy of whirring spokes careering around each 'impossible' corner en multifarious masse.

From the Alps to the Pyrenees, over the Massif Central and down to the Med, through the wine country of Bordeaux and Burgundy but with time to taste only the electrolyte replacement fluids on the handlebars, past the sweltering Riviera they swoosh. On and on and on...

Backed by the incredible cavalcade of mechanics and medics, masseurs and majorettes and a media circus, they pedal, able only to gaze at the rear-end of the guy in front and the frantic signals from the support team. Three tortuous weeks and finally to Paris and, the last twisting of the knife, a sprint finish along to the Champs Elysee. Yellow is, indeed, an appropriate colour for the coveted leader's jersey.

For whatever the muttered tinkerings with drugs, the tactical shenanigans and shady manoeuvrings of the support teams, no one can even contemplate the Tour unless they possess the 'legs' of a locomotive, the endurance of a packhorse and the courage of a fighter pilot. So what price a man with several pellets of buckshot in him who was once bleeding like a colander?

Greg LeMond had won the 1986 Tour and when he was accidentally shot by his brother-in-law when hunting in California the following year, his hopes of merely staying alive looked bleak, never mind regaining that yellow jersey. However, the chance appearance of a helicopter which gained him a life-saving 20 minutes, and the prompt action of the hospital staff, kept him alive and helped to create a bona fide living legend.

LeMond's '86 triumph — the first by a non-European — was remarkable enough even if it did not receive the recognition it deserved in the United States. But it was his comeback from hell to win in '89 by the narrowest margin in the history of the Tour that has ensured his immortality. Eight seconds after 2,125 miles was cutting it fine, but LeMond knew all about that, didn't he?

'Champion of champions' screamed the French newspaper *L'Equipe*, while the Americans, too, offered belated recognition by making him 'Sportsman Of The Year'. That was particularly sweet for the all-American kid who had once admitted, "Back home I used to be embarrassed to say I was a bike rider."

That a Yankee should break the continental stranglehold was hard enough for the Francophile cycling fraternity to take, but when they discovered that LeMond's Stateside habits extended to "making love, pigging out on ice cream and Big Macs, even going out to raise some hell," during the Tour, they sipped their espressos in disbelief.

Married to his childhood sweetheart, Kathy, LeMond behaved like the archetypal all-American boy made good from the moment he bought a bright yellow bike as a kid, "to be noticed." And his eschewing of the sacrosanct monastic and dietary fads of cycling ensured that he would not be easily forgotten.

Not even a similar "Je ne regret rien" philosophy to Edith Piaf could persuade the cycling world to treat LeMond as anything but a curiosity. He explained: "My priorities are a

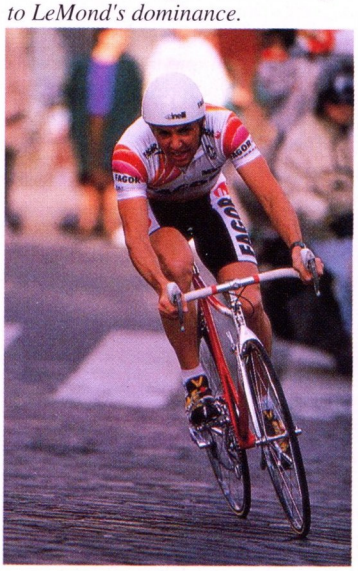
little different from, say, Sean Kelly's." His selection was apt for it was the Irishman whose wife once complained that her husband's priorities were, "First his car, then his bike and finally his wife." Kelly, deadly serious, admonished her: "You've got the order wrong — the bike comes first..."

For LeMond, "My family comes first — and always did even before the accident made me realise just how fragile life really is. Only two weeks before the shooting, I remember saying to Kathy: 'You know, it's almost like we're too lucky. We have all we'll ever need.' Everything seemed too good. But we learned from it — we made every day count."

Most cyclists count only the kilometres, the gear changes and the money they're earning. But LeMond, once he "had stopped crying from the pain," counted only the days it would take him to get back on his bike. It was a long haul, punctured by another accident — this time on his bike — and an appendicitis operation that brought him close to quitting the game. And it includes what most observers felt was blowing his chances on the penultimate stage of the 1989 Tour. Apparently broken by French hero Laurent Fignon, on whom he had to make up an unheard of 50 seconds in the final time trial in Paris, LeMond "rode as if my whole career depended on it" — and snatched the most unbelievable victory in the event's 86-year history.

'Welcome Back From Hell,' said one Parisian banner. But to prove it was no fluke, he won it again last year. 1991? He never shows form beforehand, but who could write off a man like LeMond who really does know more about that dreaded place than most of us ever will?

On yer bike: Ireland's Stephen Roche poses the greatest challenge to LeMond's dominance.



excess

GO OVERBOARD!

THE CATAPULT is a revolutionary new catamaran that boasts the blistering speed and agile manoeuvring of boats costing ten times as much. Priced at just a few quid over £3,000, the Catapult has been highly praised among the international sailing fraternity and people who wear sailing caps for its revolutionary hull design and startling endurance, even against tough competition. It also packs so small you can put it in your pocket — well almost, anyway!

The Catapult, claim manufacturers Topper International, is unique; the whole craft has been designed so that it can be easily transported to your nearest stretch of water in a specially moulded cradle that fits on top of your car. Once there, the boat's anodised aluminium frame is specially made so that an idiot can assemble it in 30 minutes. Professors and other swots take about an hour.

The hydrodynamic section (that's the bit that sits on the water!) comes with an inflatable hull, rudder, daggerboard foils, boom and hi-tech mylar/dacron sail. The Catapult also has what is called a trampolene deck, so the kids will love it!

Those very nice people at Topper International even provide a full day's training completely free-of-charge for novices and new owners keen to get to grips with this exciting pleasure boat. You can contact them by ringing 0233 629186, or by writing to Kingsnorth Technology Park, Wotton Road, Ashford, Kent, TN23 2LN for an information pack and test sail programme. Happy sailing!

mayfair reads

Our round-up of the tastiest true stories from the world's press

A RELIGIOUS sect in Thailand has a strange way of behaving at funerals — they eat the corpse. Fanatics in Wat Toong believe that by digesting the dead person's flesh they can become a spiritual part of that person. Instead of burial, the cadaver is literally barbecued on an open pyre. The body is then sliced up and served. "We only do this to people who have lead a pure and holy life," explained one of the monks. *Washington Post*

MARILYN MONROE was really a dog, according to loony American canine beautician, Margaret Lampula, who ran a Hollywood salon for star's pets. She reckons that Marilyn used to come in to have her hair done and toe nails clipped even though the salon only catered for dogs. "Marilyn was a regular customer," claims Margaret. "She liked the attention." *LA Weekly*

A FRENCH ambulance crew arrived at the scene of a heart attack to find the victim unconscious and a ventriloquists' dummy with the phone in its lap. "No-one answered the phone and we had to break in," explains the confused paramedic. "It sounds crazy but the only one who could have called us was the dummy." Emergency services later replayed the tape of the call and the transcript went like this, "Please help me, my buddy's on the floor and I don't want him to die." *Le Monde*

mayfair hears

Who said that? Mayfair sticks its ear where it doesn't belong

'I'm married, not buried.' — Jon Bon Jovi on why having a wife doesn't necessarily mean you can't still take advantage of groupies.

'I don't like talking about this shit.' — Matt Dillon trying to evade the fact that he once took dancing lessons.

'No-one's going to pay $15 million to have sex.' — Kirstie Alley on the casting couch myth.

'The only time I got depressed was when I was 27 and saw it as the end of my youth.' — Joan Collins who must be *really* depressed now.

'Sometimes I just have to have a whopper.' — Gloria Estafan on her junk food binges.

interview

BRUCE WILLIS

Life in Rome isn't all pasta and pizza, as Iain Blair found out when he met movie star Bruce Willis on the set of his latest big-budget extrava-ganza, Hudson Hawk.

Copyright © Iain Blair\The Boston Globe.

IT'S THREE o'clock in the morning in Rome, Italy and hell-raising star Bruce Willis is out on the town — literally. In fact he's perched precariously on the terracotta roof of the Vatican. And he doesn't look as if he's there with the Pope's blessing either.

Crouched by an open window, dressed from head to toe in black, and carrying a large bag and a lightweight nylon rope over his shoulder, Willis looks and acts suspiciously like a cat burglar as he carefully lowers the rope through the window and starts to climb in.

Suddenly there's a crash as something slips off the roof and plunges 60 feet onto the concrete below.

"What the hell was that?" bellows Willis. The Director, camera crew and grips all peer down into the scaffolding that's holding up this make-believe piece of the Vatican roof on the largest soundstage at Rome's famous Cinecitta studios.

"The clapstick," a distant voice answers. Everyone breaths a sigh of relief — it could have been an expensive piece of equipment. It could even have been Willis. A make-up man gives the 35 year-old star a quick once-over while the crew get ready for yet another take.

Willis looks tired, and little wonder. While the rest of the city sleeps, he's still hard at work shooting footage for his new movie, *Hudson Hawk*, which explains why he's on a fake rooftop in the middle of the night.

The film brings Willis together with Danny Aiello, Madonna's pal Sandra Bernhard, James Coburn, Richard E Grant and the gorgeous Andie MacDowell *(Sex, Lies & Videotape, Green Card)*. Willis himself plays Eddie Hawkins, the greatest cat burglar in the world, in what is likely to be one of the big hits of the summer, despite the cool reception it was given by American movie critics.

"I've always wanted to play this type of character," explains Willis later as he rests in his trailer between takes. "He's a very, very accomplished thief. In fact, he's probably the greatest cat burglar in the world. He's the one guy you go to if you need things stolen that no-one else can get to — that's the Hudson Hawk. He was only ever caught once."

Willis happily admits that *Hudson Hawk* owes a big debt to Cary Grant's cat-burglar character in Hitchcock's *To Catch A Thief*. "I always loved that film and the question I wanted to pose was —what would that character be like in the 1990s? Art thieves do still exist, and we wanted to explore that notion. We first meet Hudson Hawk when he's just got out of prison after serving an eight year sentence for burglary, and he has only two things on his mind — a good foamy cappuccino and to go straight. But of course things don't quite work out the way he planned, and he gets into trouble again."

It turns out billionaire villains Darwin and Minerva Mayflower (Richard E Grant and Sandra Bernhard) want him to go back to his bad old ways and steal three works by Leonardo da Vinci, making them the most powerful people in the art and business world.

"A big budget comedy with a lot of laughs," is how Willis animatedly describes the film. "It's irreverent and at the same time it's a caper and action film. It also pokes fun at those genres. In fact, a kind of a road-picture quality has developed out of the relationship between my character and Danny Aiello's character, Tommy 'Five Tone' Messina... There's some real intellectual comedy in it too, and then some very broad slapstick stuff, so it's a real mixture."

Willis' co-stars are quick to agree. "My character is like Donald Trump on acid," says Grant.

"And I'm like Ivana, only much more over the top," states Bernhard gleefully. "We're completely sadistic — and kind of sexually warped."

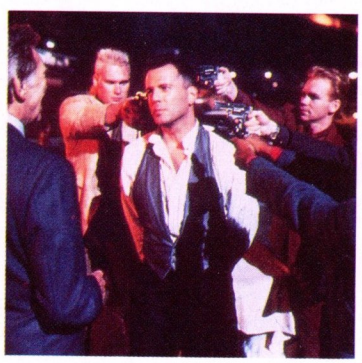
Willis has more than just a star's stake in the film — he came up with the original idea seven years ago when he was still an unknown actor working behind a bar in New York.

"It was originally based on a song I'd co-written with Robert Kraft about this character called the Hudson Hawk," he explains. "At that time it was really just that, but I hoped that someday I'd become successful enough to expand the idea into a film.

"Fortunately," laughs Willis, "it came true and here we are in Rome doing it seven years later. Amazing!"

The actor notes that music not only inspired the film but ended up playing an integral part in the plot.

Top: Willis with Moonlighting co-star, Cybil Shepherd. Below: the Hudson Hawk runs into trouble.



"We took the idea of that original song and expanded it to be part of the story, because my character knows all the running times of various classic songs," he explains. "So when he commits a robbery, instead of using a stopwatch he just sings the song. The first robbery is done to the old Bing Crosby number, Swinging on a Star. And the original Hudson Hawk song is now the movie's theme."

Playing a comedy role seems to suit Willis, although he acknowledges the difficulty in making the change from the *Die Hard* type films he's been involved with in recent years. "Believe it or not comedy is a lot harder and more work," he states. "In these action films, you enter the frame, point the gun and you shoot, and if everything is in focus and you shoot the gun right you move on. In any of these comedy scenes you are working on ten things at a time and you have to get all those little comic beats just right, so it takes a lot more time and patience."

Surprisingly, Willis reports that he's also doing "a lot more stunts than I did on either of the *Die Hard* films. There are a lot more in this film that I *can* do, and it's all very fun stuff, like swinging off ropes, so why not?

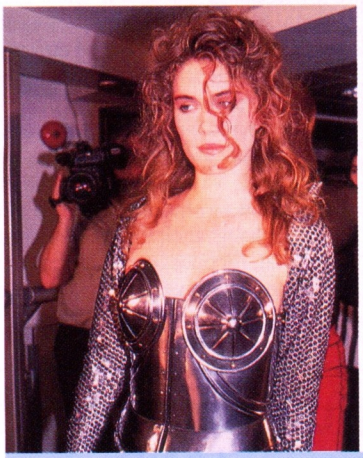
"The toughest thing on a shoot like this is the sheer length of it and all the locations involved," adds Willis. "We started off in New York, where we closed down the Brooklyn Bridge, and now we're here in Rome for several months and then we're off to Budapest, London, and finally Los Angeles. We wanted to make an old-fashioned picture where the audience gets to visit places like Rome and London. It's more expensive this way, but you get the real thing."

Back on the set, director Lehmann talks about his own problems on this production. "The scenes on the Brooklyn Bridge were the most challenging from a technical standpoint," he reports. "They involved many cameras, many night shoots, a car crash and a lot of action. But it all went surprisingly smoothly.

"I've also had to adapt to the European schedule," he adds. "They work shorter hours here than we do. It's a whole different philosophy of working. In the States, we live to work. Here, they work to live."

Back in the trailer, Bruce Willis is living to eat. Having been on-set for the last 12 hours or so, he's dancing around excitedly as a local restaurant delivers a tasty late-night snack of pizza, pasta and roast chicken. "Hey, it may be frustrating making a film in Rome, but there are some advantages," he grins, chowing down on a huge slice of pepperoni pizza. "The food is fantastic!"

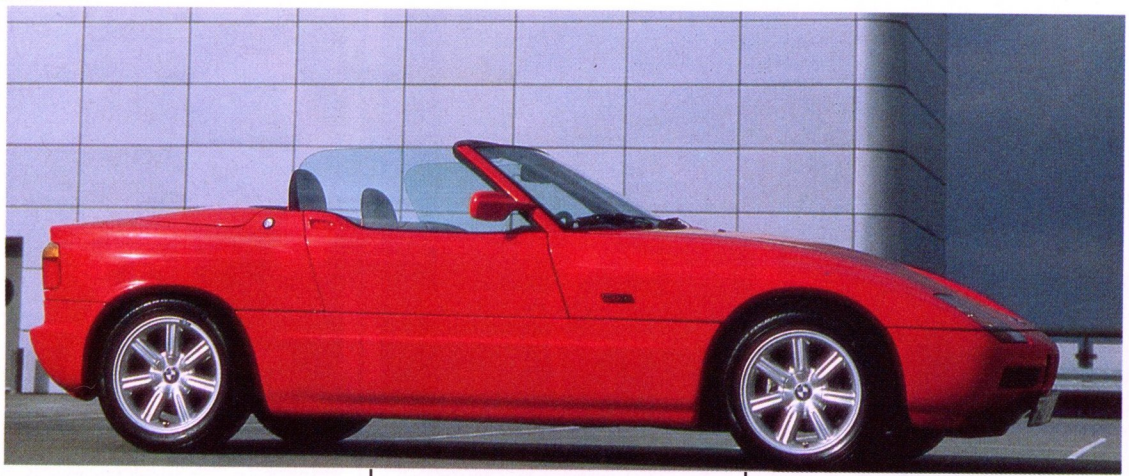
stars and bras



AdultMagazinesPDF.com

STARS HAVE the bras for the way they are! Whether it's strutting their stuff on stage or letting it all hang out at the disco, it seems the best dressed girls are stripping down to their smalls to keep abreast of the latest fashion. And the *Flash!* camera was there again, revealing the parts other magazines cannot reach, taking a peep at the underwear beneath the images of the sexiest names in show biz.

Busting out clockwise from the top right: wild-child Emma Ridley; ex-Page Three girl Jilly Johnson; Vicky from Fuzzbox; iron lady Denice Lewis; Sinead O'Connor saying it with a badge, and actress Kim Basinger – a clear winner. Bra-vo girls!



motoring

SPOIL SPORTS

IT ISN'T every day that BMW announces the launch of a new model — then whips it away from under your nose and says it's not for sale at any price. The company's reputation dictates that they spend years perfecting each model, keeping it in production for five years or so, before launching an even better replacement. This being the case, the news that the company was to release details of not just one but several exciting new models — including the fastest BMW of all time and the company's first off-roader — caused more than a few raised eyebrows amongst industry pundits, along with frantic attempts to confirm the startling news.

The last BMW to cause such a stir was the Z1 sports car — an unrivalled design triumph based on existing BMW running gear but with a radical departure from the usual 'solid and sensible' image that BMW has been so careful to foster. Observers rubbed their hands in glee at the thought of a move away from the exquisitely engineered saloon cars for which BMW are so well known, desperately hoping that there had been a U-turn in the BMW design department. The rumours were further fueled by the appearance of a V12-engined BMW supercar, designed and built by ItalDesign for the recent Geneva motorshow. The bad news is that BMW, in a donkey and carrot scenario, is burying its treasure. We are merely being shown what we'll never get, as the new model is destined to be condemned to exhibition status for BMW's own museum. Well, thanks a lot, guys...

Rumours from the Technik department of BMW — the backroom where the boffins hang out — mentioned a stunningly fast coupe, a V12 engine with no fewer than five valves per cylinder; a futuristically styled all-terrain vehicle and a small sports saloon which — a BMW spokesman claimed — "is intended to put your average Ferrari or Porsche turbo well into the shade."

The stillborn prototypes now unveiled by the factory (in order, they say, to allay speculation about future models) reveal some stunning machinery, elements of which we can only hope will find their way, somehow or other, into BMW's future line-up.

The most exciting of them all — the M8 — is also the biggest tease, since it was this immense 500 bhp monster which came the closest to full production. Based on the standard issue 850i, its engine — believed to be a 5.4 litre V12 — boasts a competition-derived 48 valve-head and twin overhead cams, and is reckoned to be capable of a breathtaking 190 mph. Its potential would have been further enhanced by BMW's experimental 60 valve-head had the powers that be not stamped on the new car almost as soon as it was finished. BMW boffin, Wolfgang Reitzle, told journalists, "We just aren't interested in cars like this any more."

Not a lot slower was the proposed new 6-cylinder version of BMW's well-established race-winning sports saloon, the M3. The equations were stacking up very nicely: light compact bodyshell + great big multi-valve

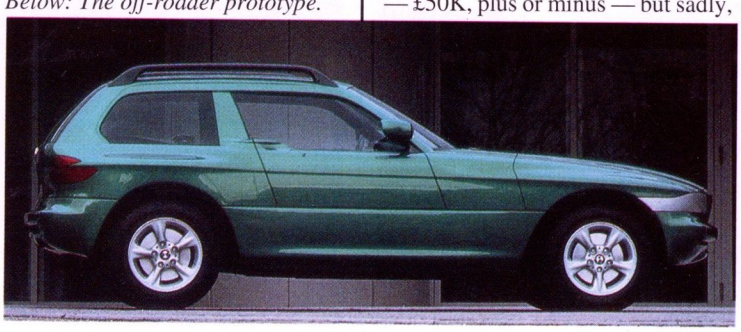
straight six = Goodnight Ferrari, but further calculations lead the company to cancel the project on the grounds that it was "too fast", a technical term the precise meaning of which is completely lost on me. Even the estate version — the so-called M3 Touring — would have been able to go the whole length of the M3 in around 10 minutes if the company's early high speed test sessions were anything to go by. (According to one source, a discreet prototype was extensively tested on public roads — but how can anything be discreet at 150 mph?)

Instead we are left with the existing M3 — no mean performer with its current 4-cylinder 2.5 litre plant — and the chance that a more potent six-pot may later be offered to the admiring public. That means for the time being the M5 remains the company's finest effort — super-smooth styling, gutsy performance and handling characteristics which have helped make it one of the most perfect performance cars ever designed. It is, say many, the best saloon car in the world.

This being the case, the factory's disclosure that plans to launch a two-door convertible version of the M5 have been dropped is certainly bad news, again. Apparently the company had even got as far as pricing the gem — £50K, plus or minus — but sadly, changed its mind at the very last minute.

However, the biggest loss is the proposed BMW off-roader, a 2+2 all-terrain vehicle like nothing you've ever seen before. Based on the afforementioned Z1, and sharing the all-wheel drive platform of the sharp-handling 325iX, it has been described by a factory spokesman as "a kind of alternative vehicle for hunters." Huh? Whatever, the so-called off-roadster sportwagon looks extraordinary, sharing several familiar BMW trademarks, but nevertheless quite unlike anything yet seen. Smooth, yet somewhat sinister, in appearance and aggressively styled, it is a tough looker, but sadly all BMW have done with it is put the tough back into 'tough luck' because the prototype never progressed beyond the dummy stage. The one shown here is merely a mock-up of wood, plastic and plaster — even so, more than a few 'hunters' will, I am sure, have already contacted the factory, waving vast amounts of cash in the air, in an attempt to get them to change their minds. Let's just hope that, for once, they can succeed where others have failed. — *Tony Price*

Top: BMW Z1, a radical departure from the 'sensible' image. Inset: the amazing, but unavailable M8. Below: The off-roader prototype.



art

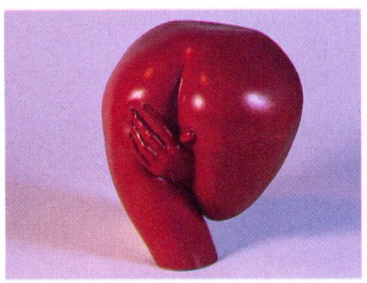
LEATHER NETHER LAND

Over the years artists have come up with some pretty amazing excuses for looking at naked women, but none more bizarre than sculptor Bernard Duca. He produces sculptures of women's boobs and bums in leather, claiming that "representations of the human body are a must for all art students who thus master grace, perspective and volume all at once." And so, grasping this flimsy excuse in one hand, with the other Bernard

happily slaps perfumed oil and plaster all over bare women in order to make "fantasmatical sculptures". Oh yeah.

In his studio near Coulommiers in France, Duca asks his models to sit still for twenty minutes during which those parts of the body which are to be reproduced (we knew reproduction would have to come into it somewhere!) are covered manually with lubricating oil. Over this he applies hundreds of fine plaster bands. Once it's hard (the plaster, that is) the mould is removed and a 'positive' is made using synthetic resin.

We'd like to tell you more but what happens between the resin and the finished polished leather product happens behind firmly closed doors. We bet it does!



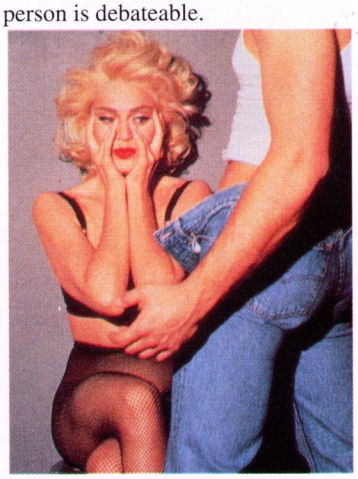
mayfair recommends

Our selection of the best entertainment on offer this month

FILM

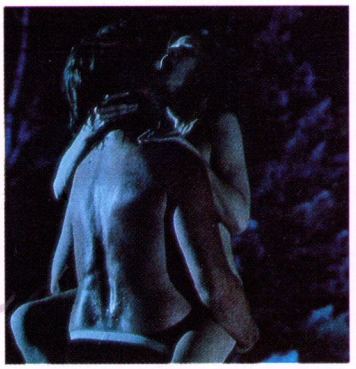
Edward Scissorhands A fabulous tear-jerking fairytale more about the way we treat outsiders than a boy with scissors instead of hands (Johnny Depp) for whom a casual gesticulation turns into a scything slash. Bound to be massive.

In Bed With Madonna is a behind-the-scenes look at the world's biggest hype-star minus her make-up. But after ten years of fame she's become very good at playing Madonna, so whether this sometimes raunchy rock-u-mentary gets any closer to the 'real' person is debateable.



VIDEO

Back Stab, Jezebel's Kiss and **Any Time Any Play** are what the makers call 'erotic thrillers' which basically translates as moderately big-budget, made-for-TV type movies that star one or two 'names', a very horny girl who gets her tits out and is such a flop in America that it goes straight onto video in the UK. (Phew!) Still, they're well worth fast-forwarding to the naughty bits because the 'kit-off girls'

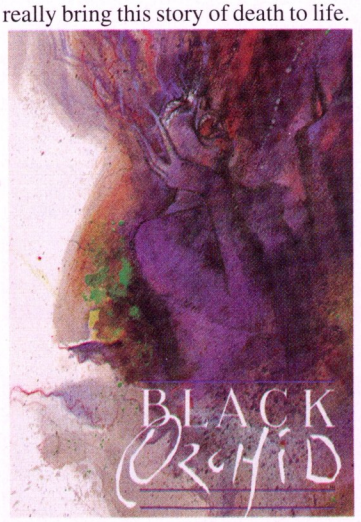


(Dorothee Berryman, Katherine Barrese, and Ruth Collins respectively) are gorgeous!

BOOKS

Monza If you can imagine a novel about Formula One cars, gorgeous girls and the Mafia, you'll love Bob Judd's best book yet. Puts you behind the wheel of 200 mph motors and shows why top drivers get a million dollars a week. A speedy read indeed! (Macmillan hardback £14.99).

Black Orchid Neil Gaiman's much-in-demand comic series has been put together in what will prove to be *the* graphic novel of the year (Titan Books £12.50). The incredible illustrations really bring this story of death to life.

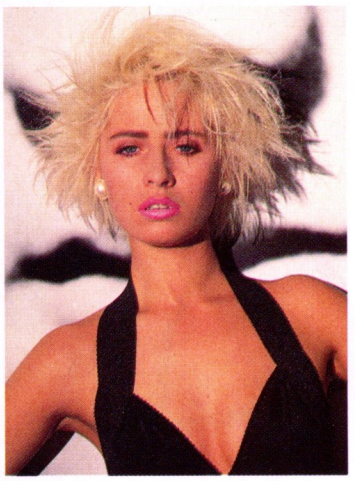


The Terminator: Tempest is the first graphic novel based on the rather violent adventures of the rampaging robot (played on film by Anold whatsisname) who metes out various forms of horrible death on anyone who strays within shooting/slashing/squashing distance. Thought provoking stuff indeed.

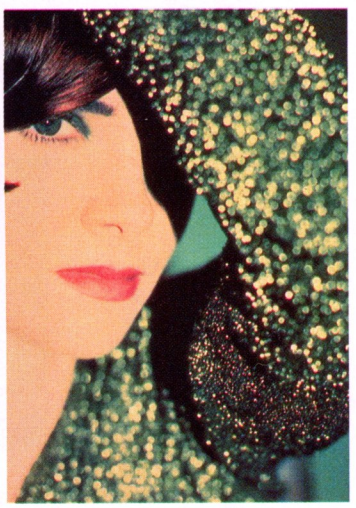
CDs

Electronic Perfect pop from the only supergroup of two. Neither of these Manchester mega-stars (Bernard Sumner from New Order and ex-Smiths guitarist Johnny Marr) can sing, but only Marr has the sense to keep his mouth shut on what will surely become the soundtrack to this summer. All the same it's seriously catchy stuff.

Transvision Vamp You've ogled the pictures, and seen the videos, now listen to the voice behind the breasts. On *The Babble of Bubble* sexy songstress Wendy James belts out some good ol' raunch 'n' roll as usual, while we imagine her cavorting around in her latest little latex number, as usual. Aural sex at its best!

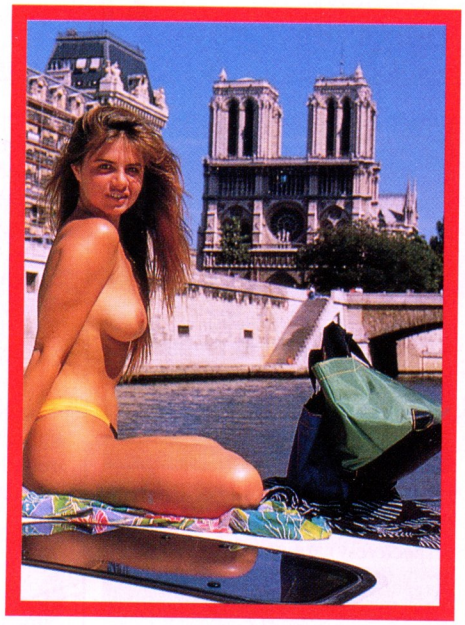


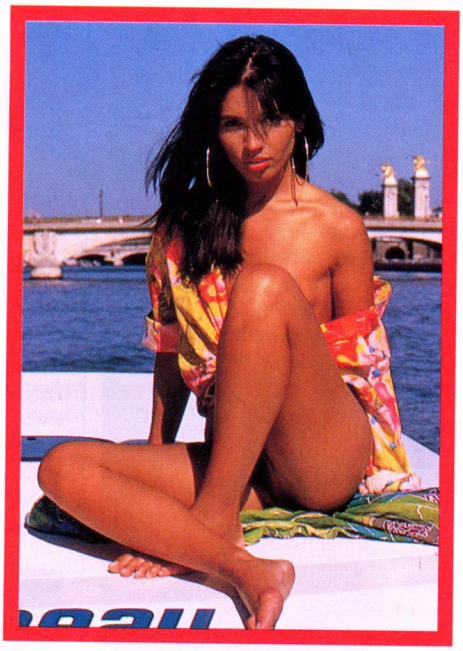
Cathy Dennis invites you to *Move To This* with her latest CD release. But with a bottom like hers the only parts that will be moving will be in our trousers, and it's not our legs! Brilliant soul/dance music that's sure to succeed here the way it has Stateside.

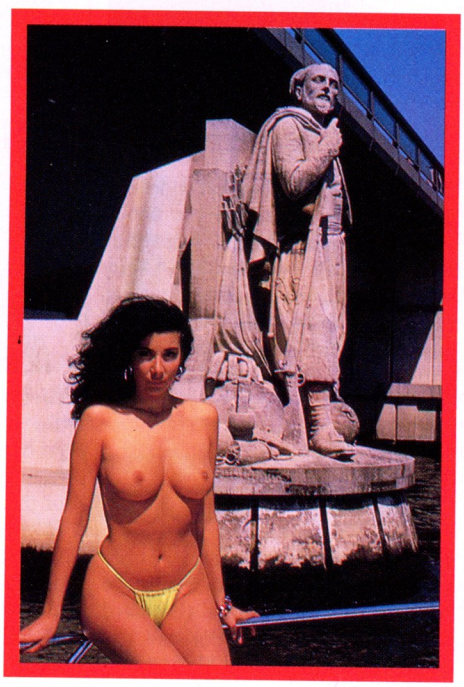


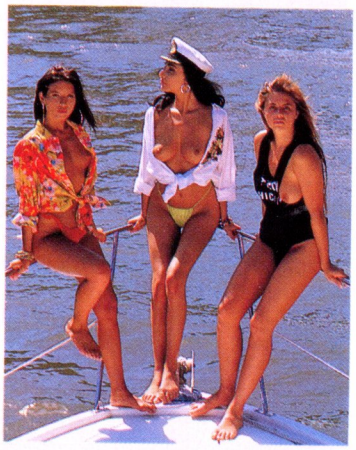
Kirsty MacColl is the daughter of old folkie Ewen and married to producer Steve Lillywhite, but this hasn't prevented her from writing one of the best CD titles of the decade, *Electric Landlady*. Co-written by Electronic's Johnny Marr, amongst others, the album includes enough catchy toons to keep even the most manic MacCollophile trying to sing along as sincerely as Kirsty does.

Notre Dames









August is the perfect time to visit Paris, for two reasons: firstly, all the Parisians are out of town on holiday; secondly, you might be lucky enough to see Marion, Tania and Andrea floating serenely along the Seine.

This latter-day (per)version of Three Men In A Boat was the brainchild of Denys Defrancesco, a regular *Mayfair* contributor and a Parisian to boot (no offence intended, Denys!). While the banks of

Photographs by Denys Defrancesco

PARIS FLASH !

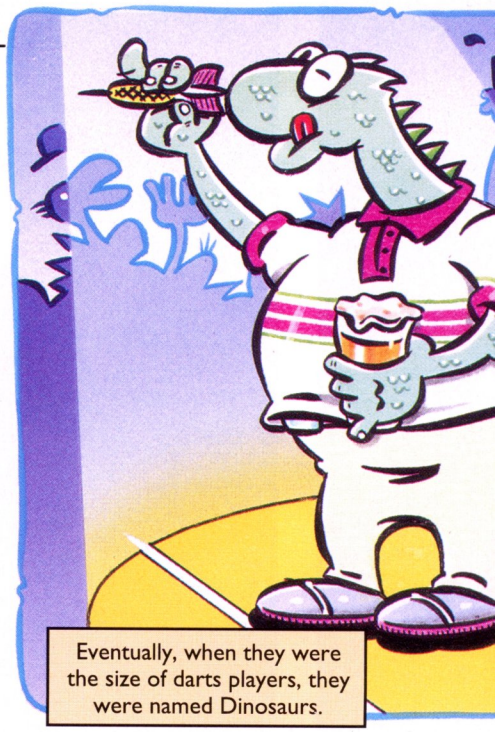
the Seine were thronged with tourists taking in the summer sunshine, Denys decided to comandeer a friend's launch and invite three of his closest lady friends to view the city of lovers — and give the city a tantalising view of themselves at the same time! The Bateaux Mouches steered an erratic course closer and closer to the launch as the trio slid past Notre Dame and the Isle de la Cité, and by the time they reached the Eiffel Tower all Paris was abuzz with news of

the saucy free show. So did Denys count their day out as a success? "I think we caused a few car crashes, but we had a good time," he smiled. And the girls? "C'etait les huit heures les plus sexy de nos vies!" Formidable... Ⓜ

esPDF.com

Chapter One:
The Beginning

The definitive guide to everything that has ever happened in just six episodes! Can it be true? Well, no, but we're printing it anyway. Come with *Professor Stefan Backwards* to the earliest moments of recorded time...



Wham! Bang! Thank You, Man...

Imagine you are looking out into the Universe five billion years ago. Vacuous gases and mists swirl in the blackness. Suddenly, before you, you see a blue-green orb spinning in the haze. No, it's not a soap-on-a-rope, it's the planet Earth. But how did it get there?

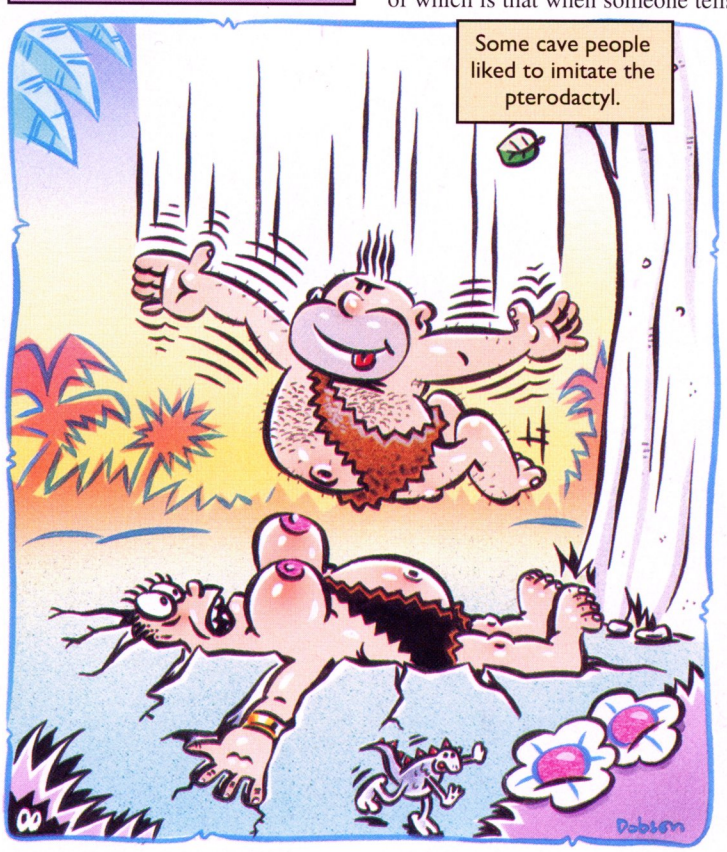
There are a number of explanations for the origin of our planet. For example, The Big Bang Theory. This basically states that the World is the equivalent of that crusty stain which mysteriously appears on your sheets the morning after a raunchy sex session. Given that much of the Earth's surface is covered by places like Bulgaria and Swindon this is probably not so wide of the mark.

A different view is propounded in The Blind Watchmaker Theory (As in the Blind Dressmaker Theory. But this is no time for jokes about Clare Rayner). According to this theory the globe was created by a force which is both expert and random, a kind of supernatural police breath-testing unit. But is impaired sight really a suitable excuse for producing Swindon? I think not.

By far the least plausible explanation is advanced by Professor Erik Von Heinekin of the University of Pitz. Von Heinekin believes that the Earth was purpose-built by men from outer-space as a giant galactic Club 18-30. "Ja, ja. You see the world has everything: great ski-ing, surfing, scuba-diving, groovy chicks and 387 different types of salami. Unhappily for the spacemen, the earthlings, who they had bred to act as waiters and barstaff (sort of astral Australians, ja?), decided to rebel. They wanted to sabotage this place of joy, fun and sensual pleasure. Which is why they built Swindon."

Chronology Of The Earth's Population

5.5 billion BC — Big Bang.
5 billion BC — Big Fag.
4.5 billion BC — Big Kip.
3 billion BC — Earth very hot.
2.5 billion BC — Cucumber Raita and more lager ordered.
1 billion BC — First plants start to grow.
999,999,999 BC — The first farm subsidies introduced.



When Mighty Tyrannosaurus Rex Roamed The Pop Charts

As plants began to grow, so too did monocellular, brainless, primitive creatures such as amoeba, hydra and train-spotters. Amoeba are fascinating things. The only way they can have sex is by splitting up. In this respect they are very similar to married couples. Hydra, on the other hand, are hermaphrodite. Being a hermaphrodite has many advantages, not least of which is that when someone tells you to "go fuck yourself" you can quite happily oblige.

Gradually these creatures grew larger. Many left the sea and sprouted legs, others grew wings and learned to fly, some grew one leg and half a brain and went to play for Berwick Rangers. Eventually, when they were the size of darts players, they were named dinosaurs (not to be confused with Diana Dors who was, in fact, considerably larger). Dinosaurs were large, cumbersome creatures with brains the size of lentils. Apart from this they were not a bit like Russell Grant. There were many species of dinosaur: the stately diplodocus, the striking tilburydockus, the ferocious tyrannosaurus, the paranoid jathinkheesaurus, the verbose thesaurus, the flying pterodactyl and its cousin, the pterydown, who was exactly the same only more violent.

The dinosaurs seemed to have a pretty good time of it, but then came the Ice Age. This was good news for lovers of chilled Martinis, but bad news for dinosaurs. Unable to pay their increased heating bills they froze to death. The Ice Age was followed by The Dry Ice Age during which heavy metal bands roamed the Earth. They were as thick as the dinosaurs, but nowhere near as hygenic.

Different Types Of Man

Cro-Magnon Man — Small, large head, South African.
Big Magnum Man — Dirty, hairy, Los Angeles.
Piltdown Man — Pilt covered in down, North Africa.
Eiderdown Man — Nine togs, machine washable, John Lewis.
Barrynor Man — And why not, indeed, Hollywood, Cannes.

Gigantic Great Mammoths

Naturally enough, the only creatures that survived The Ice Age were those covered in more hair than Gary Glitter's chest. These included the Giant Sloth (Builda Major), the Sabre Toothed Cat (Pussi Munchicus), the Sabre Toothed Presenter (Esta Rancious) and the Great Mammoth (Giganticus Mammary). This latter beast features in the very first joke ever made. It seems in the 9th century BC the woman Jigglijugs came running to her husband Bob crying, "There's a mammoth in the bedroom. There's a mammoth in the bedroom." Bob quickly called together all the fighting men of the tribe, they gathered up their weapons and cautiously entered the bedroom of the Jigglijugs. But no mammoth could they see. The only creature they spied was a small, hairy butterfly. Bob rushed to Jigglijugs in a mad rage. "Jigglijugs, I thought you said there was a mammoth!" he yelled. "But there was nothing there at all!"

"I'm m-m-m-most sorry to have troubled you," answered Jigglijugs. From this joke we learn that the letters BC stood for Before Comedy.

Another mammal that survived The Ice Age was, of course, Man (Homo Erecticus — although not all of the time, naturally).

Man as we know was descended from the monkeys. For this reason he was divided into four main tribes: the Jones', the Dolenz', the Nesmiths' and The-One-With-The-Big-Red-Bell-Bottoms.

In those days prehistoric Man lived in caves. But just as he does today, he was always keen to make a few home improvements — putting up shelves, laying down carpets, building a patio out back or decorating the walls of the cave with attractive murals. Many of these paintings have survived. Most of them appear to show herds of wild bison charging around mindlessly; although some anthropologists believe this may have been the very first attempt to accurately portray a Rugby League match. Perhaps the most interesting painting, however, is that at Cave 3 in Wapping. This shows a naked girl with a very large pair of Mastodons.

As the population increased, so the supply of caves began to quickly diminish. To ease the situation the tribes appointed the lowest and vilest members to act as the buyers and sellers of property. Of course deals were not so sophisticated as they are today. In prehistoric times cave-buying simply involved the estate agent quoting a price and the purchaser attempting to beat him down. Usually with a big wooden club.

Stefan Backwards' Time Travellers Guide

Part One — The Stone Age

Currency: Bones, rocks, hamsters, any old crap really.

Language: Subtle changes of intonation can trap the unwary. For example, "Ugh, ugh, ugh!" means "Excuse me driver, does this mammoth stop at Selfridges?" whilst "Ugh, ugh, ugh!" means "Comes tickle my nipples with a dodo feather, big boy."

Nightlife: Terrific, if you like bats, moths and man-eating beasts.

Clubs: Wood with bits of flint in them.

Eating Out: There's no alternative. Cook in a cave and you asphyxiate.

Sexual Attitude: Promiscuity and wife-swapping are very much the done thing. Everyone's so filthy and hairy you can't tell them apart, so there's very little choice.

Sexual Positions: Cave people copy the animals. Shaggy Mastodon-style is popular. Some cave people like to imitate the pterodactyl. After penetration they jump off the edge of the cliff flapping their arms madly. If you insist on trying this find a fat partner. At least that way you've got a 50/50 chance of a soft landing.

Summary: A lousy era to visit. It's dirty, dangerous, the food's terrible and the sex indifferent. Still, at least it's better than Swindon.

The Ages Of Prehistoric Man

Stone Age — Bill Wyman born.
Bronze Age — Suntan oil first discovered.
Iron Age — Fashion for creases in goatskin trousers begins.
Swan Age — Seaside town in Dorset.

I'll Name That Moon In Two

Because there were no words for anything, Stone Age Man (or us-type-thingies as he knew himself) found conversation difficult. In fact cave chatter was a lot like listening to two senior citizens talking about about a TV programme: "You know, the ugly one with the wotsits dangling from his doodah."

"What you mean old so-and-so that was in 'Thingummy Bob' with wasshername?"

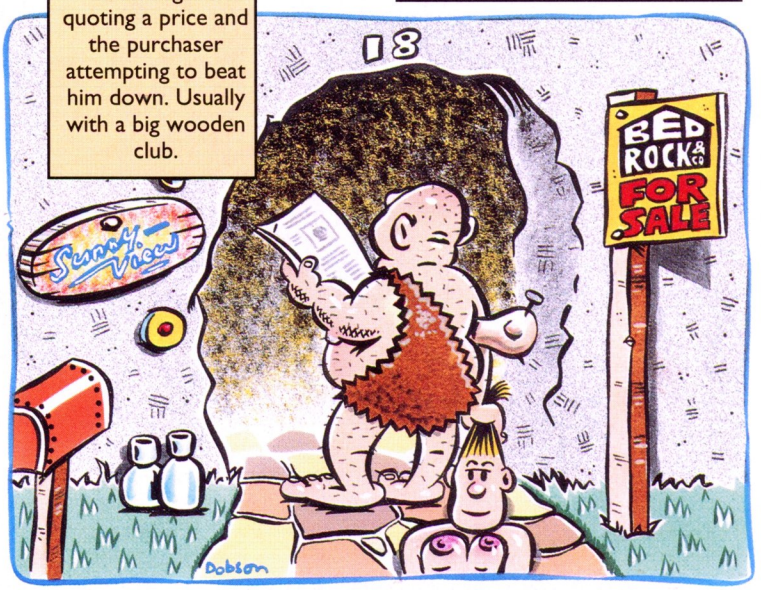
"No, you're thinking of the one with the what-nots. I mean blah, blah, blah, blah..."

To alleviate this problem primitive man began to give everything a name. Some items were named after their properties: a vegetable that's juice rusted the underside of wagons was the car-rot; exotic citrus fruits that increased virility were the kum-quats, and the mango was best avoided unless there was a toilet nearby. Other things were named after events. The banana was so-called because Ana was banned from having one after a rude incident at a Druid's Convention. Or their uses. The cucumber, for example, was used by Chief Cumber when playing snooker. (Cavemen invented snooker. They played it with balls made from tomatoes and turnips and often attempted to intimidate opponents by sticking raspberries to their faces in imitation of Stephen Hendry).

While Man was busy naming things the rest of the world hadn't stood still. Far from it. In fact the continents had drifted apart. This is known as The Continental Drift. An event not to be confused with The Intercontinental Drift of the same period during which Urgah Weak-bladder awoke after a heavy night of drinking to find he had floated out of his bedroom window and come to rest amongst the upper branches of a Douglas Fir.

Chronology Of Man's Inventions

4,000 BC — Fire.
3,999 BC — Insurance.
3,500 BC — The Wheel.
3,499 BC — The Puncture.
3,498 BC — The AA.
2,000 BC — The vibrating orthopedic water bed.
1,999 BC — Seasickness pills.
1,512 BC — Masturbation.
1,511 BC — The first portable telephone.



The Epilogue

Prehistoric Man was man in his most primitive state (ignoring Millwall fans for the moment). Soon he would strive to do more than just exist. Soon his ever active mind would begin to ask important questions: Who am I? Why am I here? What does it all mean? And when will the pubs open? A new chapter in the history of our planet was about to begin.

Meanwhile, In Belgium...

Nothing happened. Ⓜ

TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE...

Our intrepid explorer, Max Anderson, goes in search of enlightenment at the bottom of a glass, and falls down.

Great Bars of the World are a damn sight more fascinating than any of the Great Wonders. They're also a lot easier to get to and are rarely cluttered with dodgy touts trying to sell you unwanted plastic snow-shakes with Ayres Rock inside. But the International Booze Cruiser would be wise to remember that what is 'de rigeur' in China could be 'rigor mortis' in Los Angeles. The custom is always right.

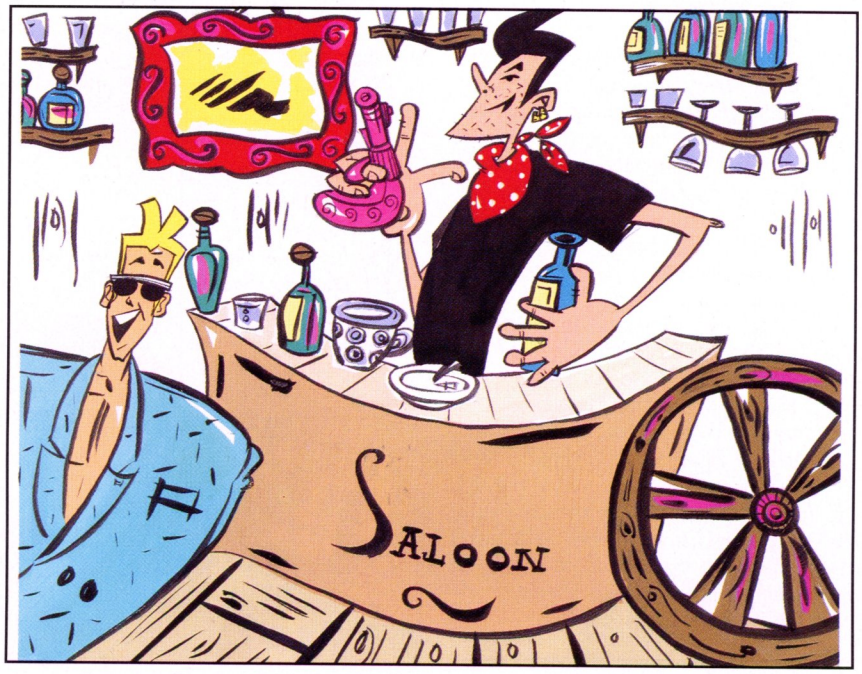
These days you can practically circumnavigate every line of latitude by simply hopping aboard a Tescos shopping trolley and skidding over to the beer counter. However, there are still a few weird 'n' wonderful potions that have escaped the Overseas Department Rep. The golden rule is to be absolutely sure of what you have at the bottom of your pint/schooner/stein/coconut shell before imbibing.

For example, the curiously named Yaqouna, from Fiji, affects your sex life. Prepared from a species of pepper plant, Yaqouna brew is grey, tastes like water left in the basin after a sock-wash and has an effect remarkably similar to that of dental novocaine. Your tongue turns into a king-sized duvet while your saliva glands behave like water-cannons. You can forget trying to impress that group of Swedish girls at the bar, 'cos your tongue will hose them down like a group of Albanian bread rioters.

The Africans in Zimbabwe have developed a beer you can chew on. It comes in a box similar to that of a milk carton and goes by the name of Chibuku. Its constitution is like wallpaper paste and it tastes of sour porridge. The huge lorries that carry this popular brew are a common sight on the side of the roads of Southern Africa, due to the fact that most of the drivers seem to be pissed on the stuff.

The Aboriginals drink a prize-winning potion combining methylated spirits with boot polish. I was told the polish increases the alcohol content, presumably taking the pitiful 85% proof onto even greater strengths. I declined to taste the beverage in the interests of my eyesight, anyway they were right out of black polish and brown gives me terrible wind.

The Chinese have always been a considerate race; they keep their punters happy with 75 cl bottles of beer retailing at about eight pence each. It's a deceptive little broth which goes down extremely quickly, on waking in your hotel bed the next morning you are refreshed to find that you don't even have a hangover. Then you swing your feet onto the floor, slap!, straight into a sheet of sick which looks like it was dropped from a passing plane. Good news you realise; you threw up without even knowing about it, and because there are no carpets on the concrete floor, cleaning up is a cynch. Mmm, they really have thought of everything.



Dress codes can be enforced in the strangest of places. My host in Arizona, USA, was a six-foot abstaining Mormon called Skip, who decided it would be fun to visit *The Bashful Bandit* in downtown Tuscon. He walked in wearing a Hawaiian shirt with parrots on it. I opted for a blazer. The Bashful bandits wore red bandannas, black T-shirts and badly sewn black scars.

"I'd like an orange juice!" bellowed Skip enthusiastically to the barman, who was busy blow-torching his stubble. A drinker turned to us, half man/half Harley Davidson. "They say the bigger they are, the harder they fall... especially if you shoot 'em." I gibbered softly into my sleeve. But senility saved the day. A wrinkled old man with a pony-tail came over and asked me if I'd ever been to the Triumph Motor Factory in Britain. "Been?" I laughed. "Been?" I cried. My lies sincere, my imagination unbounded, they stood us drinks for the rest of the night.

Undress codes should also be observed. In *The Bottoms Up Club*, Hong Kong, you are served by a topless bar girl who kneels upon your circular drinks table and tends all those gathered with wit and simper. It's supposed to be a tasteful arrangement for discerning business clients. A young Danish guy in our group decided that the beer prices were unreasonable and said so to our genial hostess. She grasped her wrinkly dugs and asked "Whaddya want, kid?", then screamed, "tits don't come cheap!" It was a horrible scene. She swivelled round to lavish her modest attentions on the men sat on the other side of our table and we spent the rest of the night staring glumly at her bottom.

The beer in Thai bars is supposed to run a poor second to the floor show, though I'd say they were fairly even in the entertainment stakes. For a start the beer is Carlsberg, and secondly, seeing plump girls pulling razor blades from their nether regions is more medically curious than erotic. Five hundred Wilkinson Swords and 16 bottles of export later you'd still rather be solving the Financial Times crossword and be just as capable as when you first started drinking.

Sometimes the visiting drinker is called upon to play ambassador, and he must not be found wanting. There is a modest Tibetan watering hole in the Indian Himalayas, consisting of a wooden floor, a table and a fridge. Stumbling upon it one starlit night, I was entreated by a group of seven Tibetans to join their table and share in some rummy grog. We drank quietly in a serene and thoughtful atmosphere. I tactfully ventured a few questions through the one English speaker present, and learnt that the group were sitting and reminiscing, on this, the anniversary of their exile 21 years ago. As a wind blew through the open windows and stirred the ragged shutters, three of the men began to sing, a ghostly lament to the homeland they had been forced to leave.

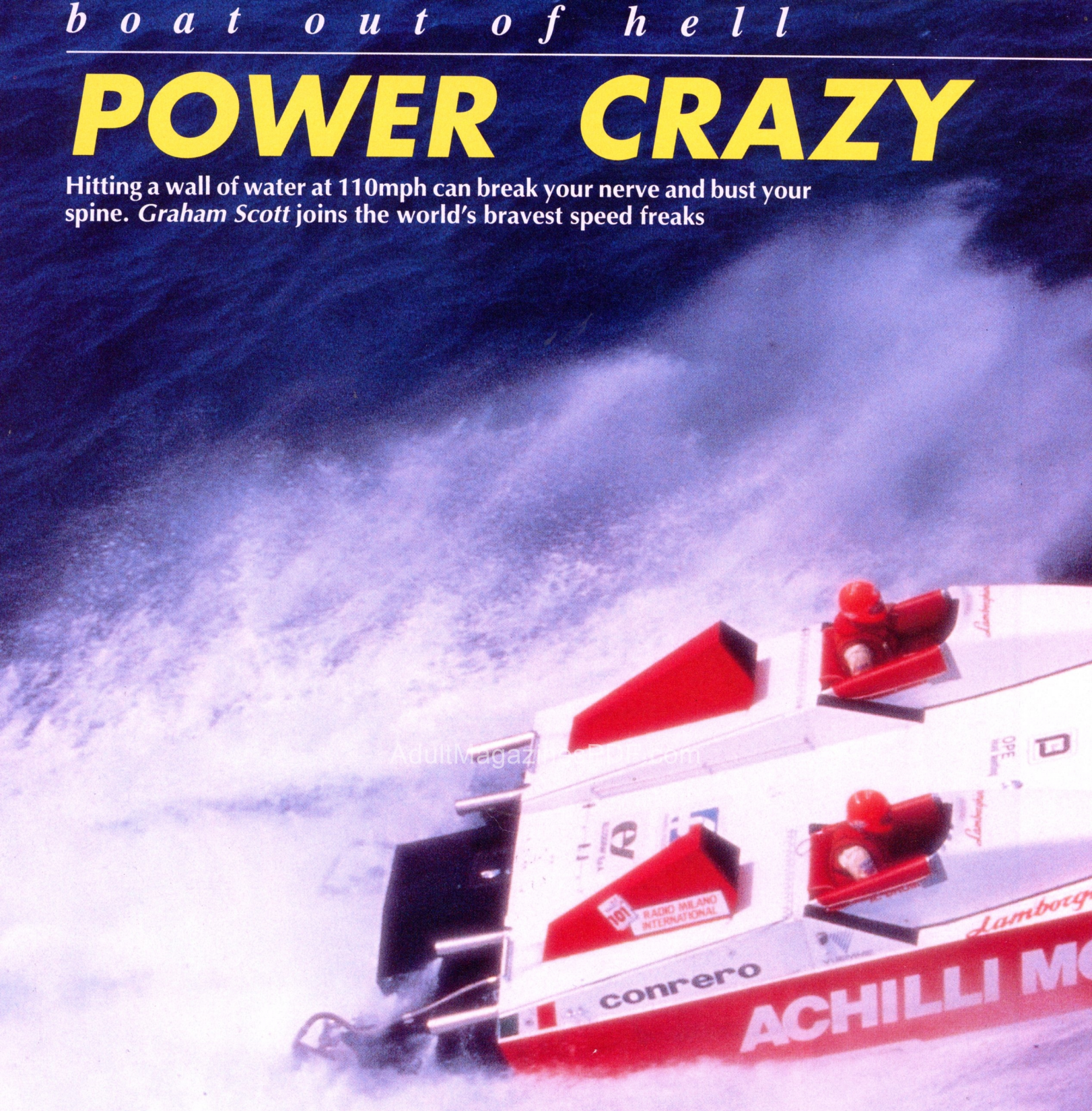
Presently an elder asked me if I would sing a song that spiritually reunited me with my land of birth. They overrode my desperate objections with passive smiles, and I sought in vain to recover the words of 'Jerusalem' in my head. I opened my mouth and a treacle of vowels fell onto the table — to which I dimly concluded that I was, indeed, rat arsed. The rum was surplus Chinese tank fuel. After another futile attempt at the hymn, I picked up a couple of spoons, focussed hard on a scene out of *Jaws* and bawled my way through a spirited rendition of 'Show Me The Way To Go Home'. A moment's silence passed after I'd laid down my spoons. "Perhaps," said the elder, "he does not really miss his homeland that much."

Yes, there's indeed a lot to be said for bringing folk together over a quiet drink, especially whilst you're among foreigners. Think how many more United Nations resolutions might be successfully concluded over a few swift pints in *The Ye Olde Dog And Yak*, if the third round talks were the third round of drinks. "And give us a packet of cheese 'n' onion crisps as well, please Perez..." Ⓜ

Illustrated by Alison Flintham

POWER CRAZY

Hitting a wall of water at 110mph can break your nerve and bust your spine. *Graham Scott* joins the world's bravest speed freaks



Competitors used to grimly joke that racing off-shore powerboats was like standing under a shower ripping up £10 notes. Now it's more like £50 notes and it's the shower from *Psycho*.

There you have it: money and danger in equal proportion, the essential ingredients for any sexy sport. Formula One is normally considered the ultimate activity since it has those qualities in abundance, but then those little cars only put out about 800bhp. A Class One off-shore racer, on the other hand, thumps out around 1600bhp and the number of top-class off-shore pilots killed in the last few years makes Formula One look about as dangerous as weeding the geraniums.

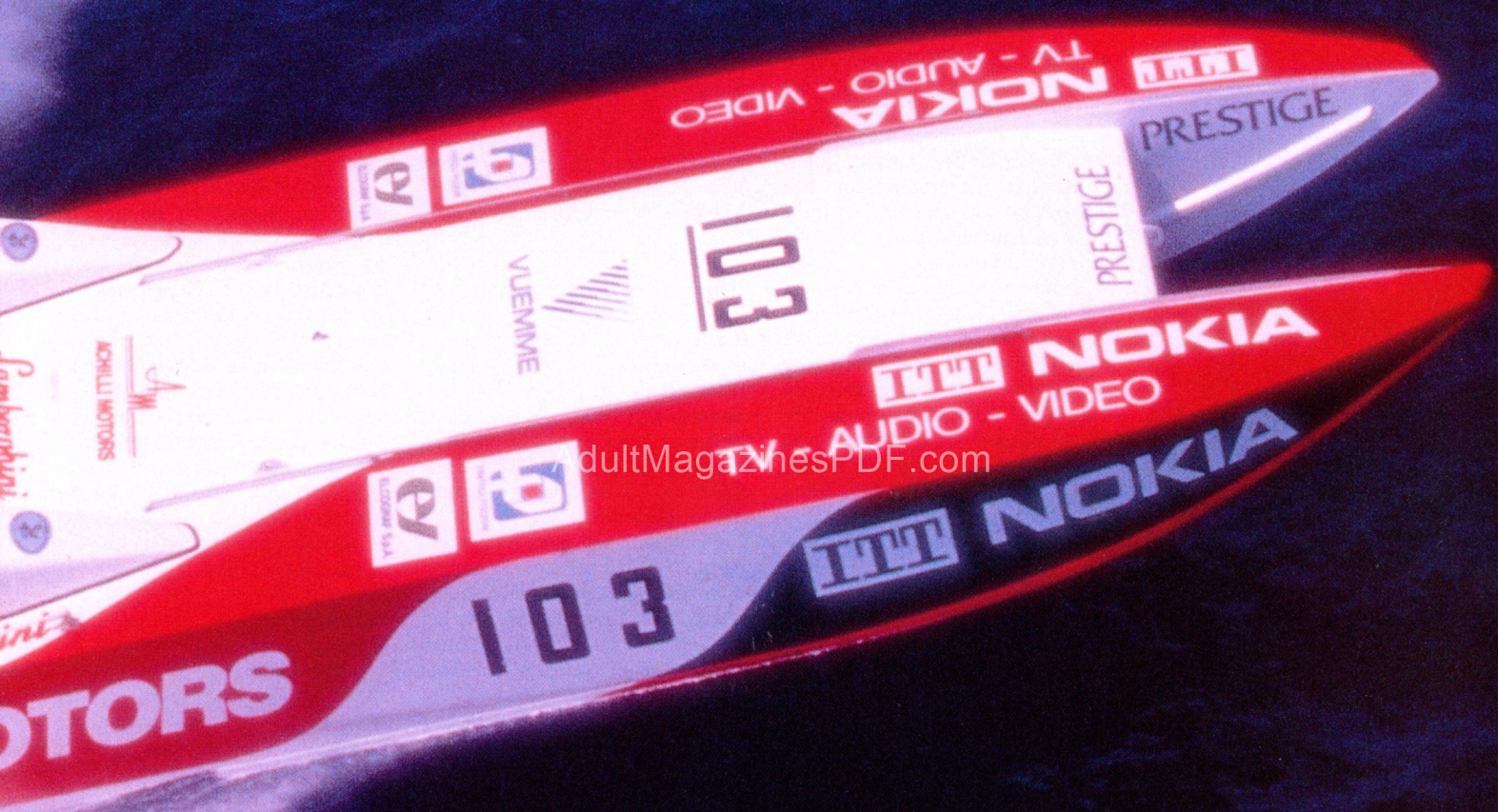
The main danger is, of course, the medium they race in. Ex-Formula One driver Derek Warwick tried out Class One: "In Formula One I knew every bend, every bump on every circuit, but in Class One no two seconds are the same. The 'track' changes every lap, and makes it dangerous."

Derek went out in a boat with one of England's best-kept secrets: Steve Curtis. Although only 26, Steve has been Class One World Champion twice already and is probably not yet in his killer prime. He is the throttle man and he is alarming.

The big boats weigh in at five or six tons and stretch about 40 feet. Older, slower boats are the monohulls but the really fast, flighty craft are the catamarans, two aluminium hulls separated by what is basically an aerodynamic wing with a safety capsule set into it. At the stern of each hull sits something monstrous and noisy, like Lamborghini V12s, Ford V8s or, in one case, four F1-derived Subaru flat-12s. Steve Curtis has two 8-litre Lamborghini V12s with four-valve heads, giving him something like 1700bhp.

As throttleman he has a hand throttle lever for each engine, clutch buttons and levers for a new three-speed hydromatic gearbox for each engine, buttons and levers for the fuel and water tanks which need constant juggling to maintain balance as fuel loads go down, and trim switches to change the attitude of the boat in the water to compensate for changing conditions. He has his hands full.

Although he controls the boat he simply isn't capable of twiddling a steering wheel as well, so in front of him in the pod sits a driver, who has a little Momo wheel and all the navigation equipment. It's his job to



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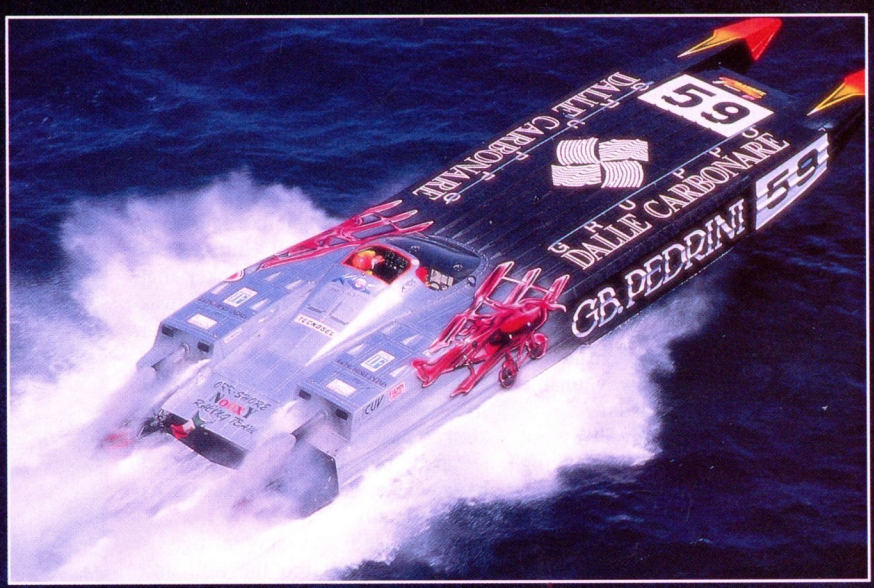
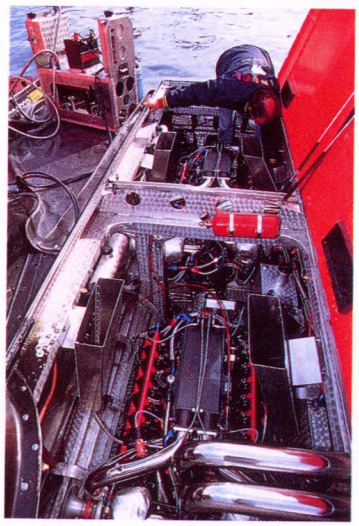
Main pic: Domenico Archilli in his 2 x V12 Lamorghini engined monster. Above: Ex-tennis star Adriano Panatta in his Paul Picot boat. Below left: The 4-man crew of the eco-friendly GPS Buste Ecologiche. Below right: Damiano Spelta, winner of the first round of the European challenge in St. Tropez



Photographs by Andy Hooper



Above: Steve Curtis 10 minutes before stuffing his boat at over 100 mph Below right: The aftermath of the crash — the £300,000 boat still lies on the bottom of the sea bed off Nice Below left: The Baudlouin turbo diesel engine, capable of 2000bhp

steer and navigate round the courses, which are often complex patterns out to sea without the benefit of any colourful kerbs or braking markers.

Both crewmen sit under a canopy supplied by McDonnell Douglas, which is more normally seen on F-16 fighter aircraft. Inside they have oxygen, cooling, intercom and heavily padded seats with six-point harness.

As I slid into the front seat, with Steve Curtis a couple of feet behind, and watched the canopy being close as I strapped in, I did wonder what I was doing. An invitation to a drive doesn't come often, but Steve's reputation doesn't bear dwelling on. As I put on the helmet and listened to the roar starting at the stern I recalled that his personal best time for destroying a driver was ten minutes. Remember, the T-man sets the pace. The driver can't slow down if he gets scared: he just has to try and stay with it, even if the speed seems suicidal. Oh yes, he's had them so scared they've been sick, or wobbled away, unable to speak after a race. Oh shit.

Three years ago Steve was out testing off Italy when the steering broke and the driver told him that he couldn't control the boat. He sped on regardless as a passenger ferry, its sides lined with interested spectators, grew ever larger. The driver repeated his information in a pleading voice but Steve thought, ah, it was going well and he didn't feel like stopping. Besides, as he said later, "I knew we'd only hit it a glancing blow. The funniest bit was watching all these faces suddenly disappear a couple of seconds before we hit."

Time was against us as darkness was falling. "I'm sorry," yelled Steve, "but we're out of time. I've got to see what it can do and we're going to do some flat-out runs. Just try and keep it straight." Don't do this to me. My pleading faded out as Steve shoved forward both levers and the motors growled and then howled, whirling the sea behind to a foaming veil.

The steering was like nothing I'd ever come across. You turn the tiny wheel and nothing happens. You wait, panic, then feed in some more just as the boat starts to respond. Now you've fed in too much lock and have to back it off again.

The sea, so flat before, started to have ripples as we sped up, other craft starting to lose their speed. "Ninety." Already? The steering started to lighten up as we sped down the water, the boat rising up on its hulls all the time. "Hundred." The aero- and aquadynamics were working now, the boat floating and shimmying like a ballet star. "Hundred five." Something was happening now, something bad. We were starting to crab sideways.

"Sidewind," yelled Steve in explanation but he didn't say how to fix it. I tried treating it like oversteer, but nothing much happened. "Hundred ten." A supertanker that had been a hundred miles away was getting larger at such speed that I couldn't even tell if it was moving or stationery. "Hundred and fifteen." I froze as, still slightly sideways, we slashed past a boat that I thought had stopped, but at the last second I realised we were cutting across its intended path.

The speed was staggering, as waves thumped into the hull and flicked the wheel in my grip. This couldn't be 115mph: it felt like 250. Wind, water and horsepower roared all around our little bubble like a video-nasty on fast forward. Astonishingly I didn't hit anything in the first or subsequent runs, but when I finally got out I was soaked in sweat and my thigh muscles took some serious unknotting.

Conditions had been pretty flat, but in the rough it's another matter. Pilots have dislocated their backs and broken bones simply through the violence of their progress through both sea and air. Steve explained the aim of the new boat: "We want it to fly flat and low, not waste time gaining height. We're looking at the fine line between getting lift when you're in the water and keeping low in the air."

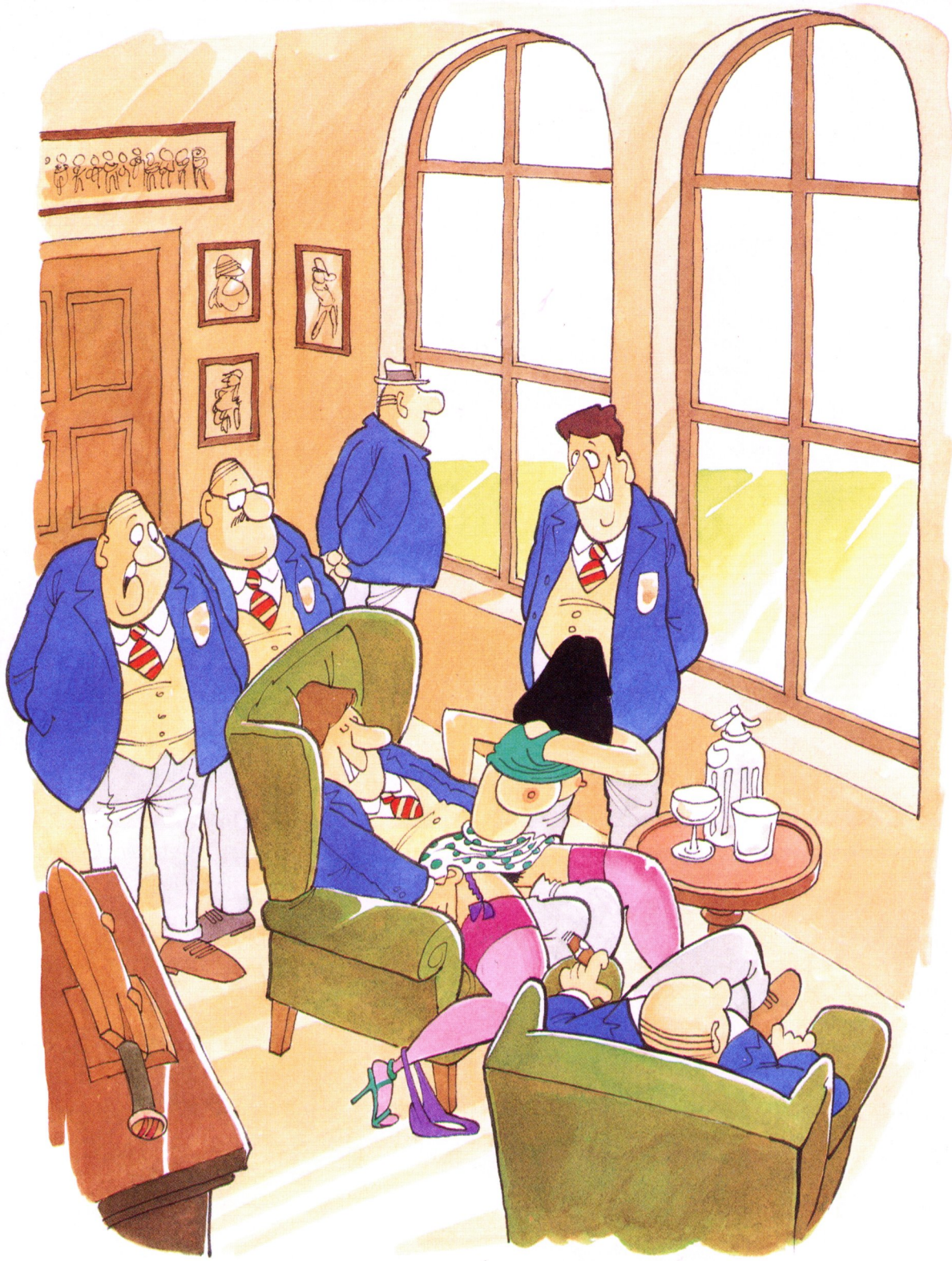
In the usual arena of the Mediterranean the sea is such that the boats leap a hundred feet between wave crests, skimming across them like a stone on a pond on a good day, smashing into everything like a dodgem disaster on a bad day. The blows of take off and landing really are as bad as having a car crash every few seconds, the crews' bodies compressed into the seats one moment, crushing up against the harness the next, on and on, over and over for up to three hours. It is impossible to predict where you are going to land when you hit a big wave and leap into the air, impossible to guess what sort of waves you might hit next, impossible to know if you will be caught by sidewinds and turned while in the air. No wonder there are accidents.

There are two main types of accident: the *roll* and the *stuff*. In a *roll* the boat takes off but starts to turn in the air, coming down on its side or upside down. This is why canopies were introduced, but before there were many good men died as they hit the water, hard as concrete, with the boat above them. Formula One racer Didier Pironi died like that in 1987, and then last year Stephano Casiraghi, Princess Caroline of Monaco's husband, died in the same way during the World Championships in Monaco.

The *stuff* is where the boat hits a wave but, instead of taking off, ploughs into it and down, the whole boat stabbing down into the water like a dart. The de-celeration can be lethal, as can the solid wall of water coming up the deck at 100mph. Last year Steve Curtis and driver Vincenzo Polli stuffed their new boat off Nice at well over 100mph but both escaped with merely greying out. The boat, in its first race and worth something like £300,000, sank and still sits on the bottom off Nice.

His new Cougar catamaran, which he stuffed in the first race of the '91 season, is worth around £500,000 and it'll take probably another million to campaign it for a season, partly funded by wealthy European businessmen.

Hard boys like Keke Rosberg and Nigel Mansell have tried power boat but found it too dangerous and you can see why – the usually taciturn Mansell described it as 'horrendous.' But for some the sea, the greatest danger, is also the greatest attraction. Steve Curtis laughs: "It's all very well racing round on tarmac, but you know it's not going to change. The sea is different I love the sea, I get such a rush off it. If I was a fish I'd fuck in it." Just when you thought it was safe... Ⓜ



*'Someone ought to tell 'em that we voted **not** to allow women in the long room'*

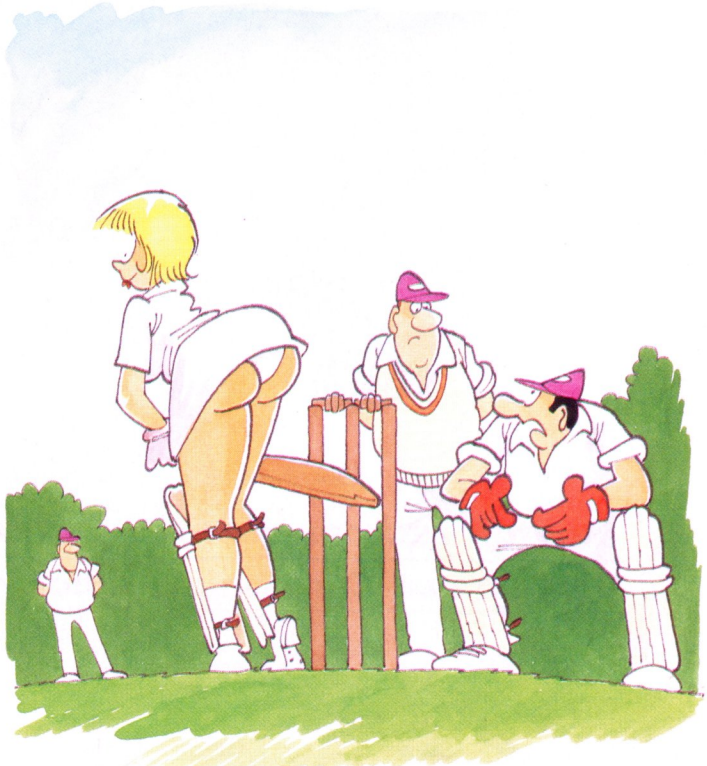
Mayfair reckons the MCC should be hit for six for voting to keep women out. Cartoonist Anthony has already been bowled over...

Sticky Wickets

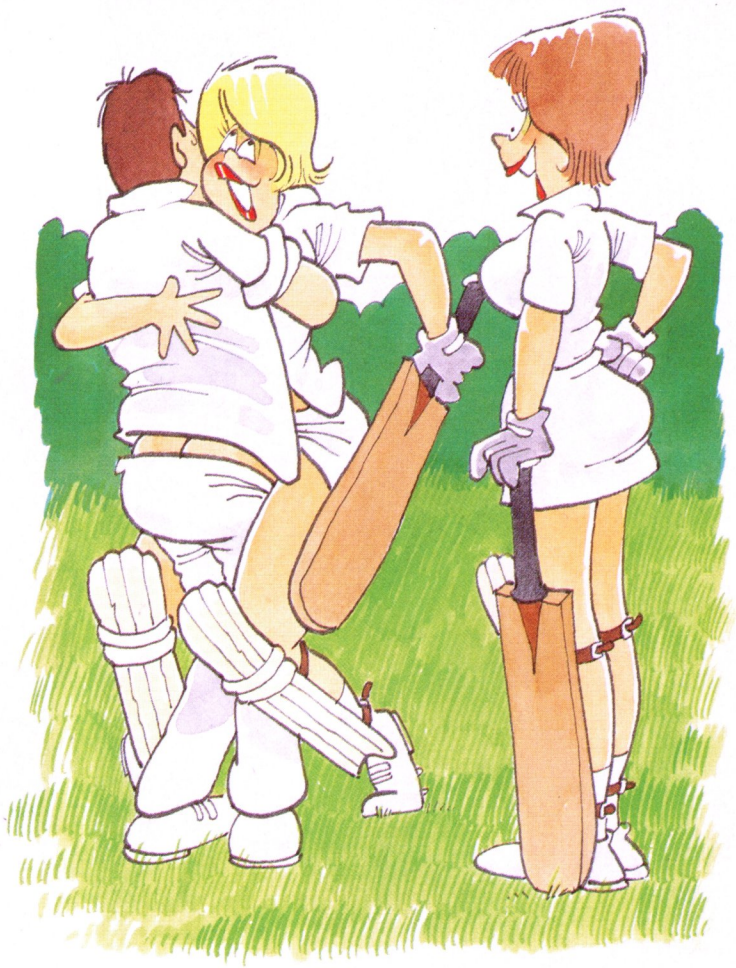
*'I suppose you could say that bad light **started** play'*

'Just how long is this run-up of yours?!'

'She says you can be next in'

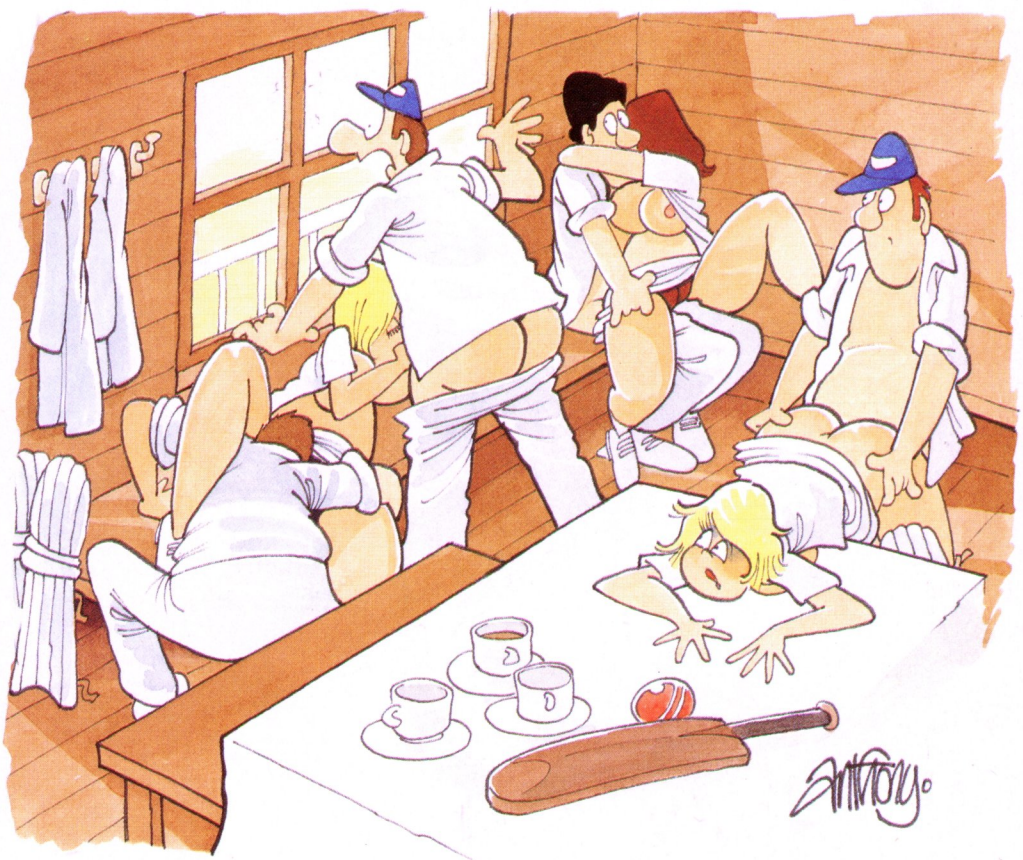


'Hey, skipper... can't we put on a slow bowler so I can stand nearer the wicket?'



'Wow! Now that's what I call an in-swinger'

'She must be a bowler... she's just given him a full toss'



'I don't know if anyone's interested, but it's stopped raining'

Many people have fantasies about making love to more than one person at once – but not so many have the courage to actually do it. This month Quest examines the stories of two women and a man who made their fantasy reality – and found that sex with more than one partner could be both satisfying and liberating.

Quest

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: How did you first get involved with group sex?

Ms Y: I became friendly with a girl at my aerobics class. She was a couple of years younger than me but very decided about her sexuality. She openly flaunted the fact that she was a lesbian, and I found that quite exciting. After a few weeks she invited me along to meet some of her friends, who, she told me, were all keen to meet me.

I'll never forget that first group session. It was a party, organised by Marina. When she sorted out the invitations, I realised that I wasn't sure what was expected of me. "Just turn up dressed as you would in your favourite fantasy," she told me, "and we'll take things from there." It took me ages to pluck up the courage to dress how I really wanted, but when I'd finished I was really turned on by the effect.

I wore nothing but sheer stockings and suspenders and high heels, underneath a big fur coat. I stood in front of the mirror stroking my hands over my breasts and thighs, feeling my pussy becoming wet and swollen. I looked at myself and suddenly I knew what I wanted to happen. I wanted to feel a woman's tongue licking my pussy, and I fantasized about feeling several women licking me all over, their hands and fingers everywhere. I had to frig myself off then.

On the way to the party in the taxi I got a real thrill out of knowing that the driver had no inkling that I was naked under my coat and that I was playing with my clitty as he drove.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Ms Y
Sex.... Female
Age.... 29
Town of origin.... Penzance
Other details.... This vivacious divorcee now lives with her female lover. In their social circle, group sex is commonplace, and she has had many lovers in group sex sessions.

The anticipation of what was going to happen to me had me so turned on that I actually brought myself to a climax in the cab.

Quest: What happened when you arrived at the party?

Ms Y: Well, it wasn't the kind of party I'd expected, you know, with food and music. I was shown into the living room, which had been cleared of all the furniture. About 30

people were sitting in a circle – all women, of course. They were all dressed up in different ways, some in leather, some in lacy basques and suspenders, some in nothing but tiny white thongs.

In the centre of the room one woman was lying down while Marina was poised with her pussy over the woman's face, slowly sitting down so that she was almost covering the woman's mouth with her pussy lips. The girl on the floor – a redhead – snaked up her tongue and I watched as the tip of it inched its way into Marina. She started licking slowly along Marina's slit, and droplets of juice dripped onto her face as Marina crouched above her. Marina moaned and moved her hips against the girl's tongue. The licking got faster and deeper, and it wasn't long before I witnessed a woman having an orgasm for the first time..

"I spread my legs wider and offered my pussy to the exploring fingers."

The atmosphere was electric, everyone else was completely silent and watching closely as Marina arched her back and gave a long groan of pleasure. I reached inside my coat and touched my pussy lightly with my fingers, and found that I was wetter than I'd been in a long time. The pleasure as I touched myself over-rode any embarrassment I may have felt at being watched. In fact I noticed that a few of the other women were quietly playing with themselves, touching their breasts and pussies.

Quest: What happened then?

Ms Y: Marina climaxed about four or five times as I watched, and the redhead – Anna – came as well, writhing about as her fingers explored her pussy. Very slowly and sensuously, I shrugged off my coat. I knew I looked good, naked except for my stockings and suspenders. My pubic hair was all moist and glistening with love-juice, because I was already so aroused.

I lay down on the floor in front of Marina and she stood over me. From underneath I could see her plump pussy lips with their curly hair and the pink tip of her clitty poking in between. The next moment I felt about four pairs of hands all over me, stroking and rubbing my nipples and caressing the soft skin underneath my breasts. A pair of lips – I don't know whose – began to kiss me deeply, and our tongues pushed into each other's mouth eagerly. I was so intent on kissing this anonymous woman that at first I didn't notice that someone else was kissing and opening the lips of my pussy.

Fingers started stroking my vagina, opening me up and probing right inside, spreading all the wetness around and pushing in and out... it sent ripples of pleasure deep inside me, which spread all over my body as another pair of lips caressed my nipples.

I spread my legs wider and pushed my hands under my bottom, lifting up my pussy to offer it to those fingers. I couldn't believe it: this was my fantasy coming true! It wasn't just all those hands on me, those fingers pushing inside me, it was also the thought that 30 women were watching me getting so uncontrollably turned on.

I had to open my eyes to see what was happening. It was incredible: Marina and three other women were with me in the middle of the floor, stroking and rubbing every part of my body. The rest were still sitting around watching, but every one was playing with their pussies and boobs. Some had their eyes half-closed and were moaning, and two were actually coming as I watched.

It was all too much for me: I came violently, and kissed the mouth above me harder. Then I felt the fingers that were tickling and probing inside my pussy gently slide out to be replaced by a soft tongue playing around my risen, hard clit. The pleasure was unbearable and that was when I really started coming hard and powerfully. I'd never let myself go as much as this before.

Whoever had been kissing me was now kissing my neck and earlobes and squeezing and stroking my boobs. I couldn't hold back from coming again and again, my whole body arching right off the floor. I'd never felt anything like it.

When I came to I saw that there were couples, threesomes and foursomes all over the floor: women were licking and frigging each other, crying out with their orgasms. It was an incredible sight. I remember that session as the best time I'd ever had in my sex-life.

Quest: Since then, this kind of group activity has become a feature of your sex life, hasn't it?

Ms Y: Yes. I'm very lucky because this is a group of people who have the same sexual leanings as I do, and they're people I know well enough to trust. It's the best fun I've ever had, not just amazing sexually, but lighthearted and relaxed in a way that one-to-one sex often can't be.

Quest: Would you say it's made you more liberated in your one-to-one sexual experiences?

Ms Y: Yes, because now I'll do anything – before I'd just talk about it!

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Mr H
Sex.... Male
Age.... 37
Town of origin.... Preston
Other details.... This bank manager has been married to his wife for 15 years. Group sex has totally revolutionised his previously jaded marriage.

Quest: Was there a time when your wife lost interest in sex?

Mr H: Yes – about five years after we were married. She was a virgin on our wedding night, but very curious and adventurous in sex. At first things were great; she wanted to try anything new, and though she wasn't experienced, she was definitely the sexiest woman I'd ever slept with. But then the kids came along, and she seemed to lose interest. I just couldn't turn her on any more.

Quest: When did all that change?

Mr H: About two years ago. When Elspeth and I had been married for five years our sex life had just petered out. Naturally I was quite worried about it at first, but she didn't seem to miss it at all. Her sex drive had just vanished. For a while things just ticked over, and our lives were pretty normal apart from the lack of intercourse. Elspeth is a good wife and mother to our three children, so I didn't want to rock the boat by having an affair.

But after a couple of years without sex, I found that I was doing an awful lot of masturbating, and one day Elspeth caught me

Quest

at it in the bathroom. I was convinced that she'd be shocked, but to my surprise, she said, "It's not really fair on either of us, all this abstinence, is it? If you can come up with something I'd be really grateful. I just know I don't want ordinary sex any more." And with that, she left me to my sex-play. But I'd lost interest in that – something else was on my mind now!

Quest: What happened then?

Mr H: Well, I wracked my brain for some wacky sort of sex that would capture my wife's imagination again, but that wasn't so kinky it would put a strain on our marriage. Tentatively a few nights later, I suggested a group session, ideally with people that we knew – and if I could have my way, with several women. To my surprise, she smiled and produced her address book. "Call anyone marked in red," she said. "And thanks for making the effort."

I can't tell you what a release it was. I was determined that this was going to be a whole new start in sex for us. I took my wife's phone book and called up a couple of her single friends marked in red. They'd obviously been discussing our sex-problems! Their names were Debbie and Jo and they agreed in principle to the idea of a group session with myself and my wife.

Quest: So how did the first session come about?

Mr H: It was my wife who organised it! The idea had gone on the backburner a bit, as we were both pretty busy. A few weeks later, it was our 20th wedding anniversary, and I was surprised when Elspeth refused the idea of going out for a meal – instead she wanted to make me something at home, she said. The kids had gone to stay with their grandparents so that we could relax for the weekend together, and we enjoyed a really nice meal, though I hardly deluded myself that we might finish up the evening in bed together.

About 10pm the doorbell rang. I had no idea who it was, but Elspeth told me to sit where I was and that she would go and answer it. I could hear voices murmuring in the hallway, and I thought it must be one of our neighbours until she came through and said, "We've got visitors."

I nearly died of shock when Debbie, Jo and another friend, Sandy, walked into the room. "Happy anniversary, darling," Elspeth smiled – she'd set the whole thing up.

"We're yours for the rest of the evening," Debbie told me, "so just let your fantasies run riot – as long as they involve all of us."

Sandy quickly undressed and went down on her knees, completely naked, her big boobs swinging along with her long, blonde hair as she unzipped my trousers and fished around to get out my prick. Debbie knelt behind me and pulled my trousers and pants down to my ankles so that she could kiss and rub my buttocks while Sandy was playing with my penis, pulling the foreskin up and down so that wonderful sensations were shooting up and down my shaft. Then she started licking it, pulling her tongue along the underside and cupping my balls with her soft hands. I had to bite my lip to stop myself coming too soon.

It felt as if all my nerve ends were concentrated on my groin. Meanwhile, Jo was doing a slow and steady strip in front of me, while Elspeth watched, lightly running her hands over her breasts and nipples.

Jo is a gorgeous young girl with black, short cropped hair, and the sight of her stripping out of her tight white dress, was too much for me, especially coupled with the way that Sandy was working on my prick with her hot mouth. I jerked my shaft out and sprayed my come all over her boobs and neck: I just couldn't hold it in. Immediately Jo rubbed it into her skin.

"She ran her hands lightly over her breasts and hardening nipples."

Then my wife said, "I'd like to see my husband kiss your pussy, Jo." My wife's sudden assertiveness aroused me even more, and although I'd only just come I could feel my prick gradually starting to harden again. I knelt on the floor and directed Jo to stand in front of me, so that I could start to tongue her wet pussy lips.

Jo lowered her fanny onto my face and I began licking hard and fast. While we were doing this, Sandy was doing the same to Debbie, and Elspeth was masterminding the whole event. She'd taken her blouse off and was squeezing and kneading her breasts with one hand, while the other had found its way between her legs and was playing with her pussy lips.

By now my prick was very hard again, sticking right out and up. "Now it's my turn," said my wife, and to my amazement, she came over to me, completely naked. She straddled me and gently slid onto my cock. The feeling was incredible as her plump pussy enveloped me. I ran my hands over her body, and it was as though we were making love for the first time in years. Her nipples poked into my fingers as I played with them, and Elspeth rode me faster and faster. She moaned and threw her head back, gripping my cock strongly with her pussy walls as she climaxed, not once but time after time. The sight of her brought me to my second climax, stronger than the first. I thrust into her deeply as I flooded her pussy, and she fell onto me and kissed me really passionately. When I opened my eyes, her friends had discreetly packed up their things and gone.

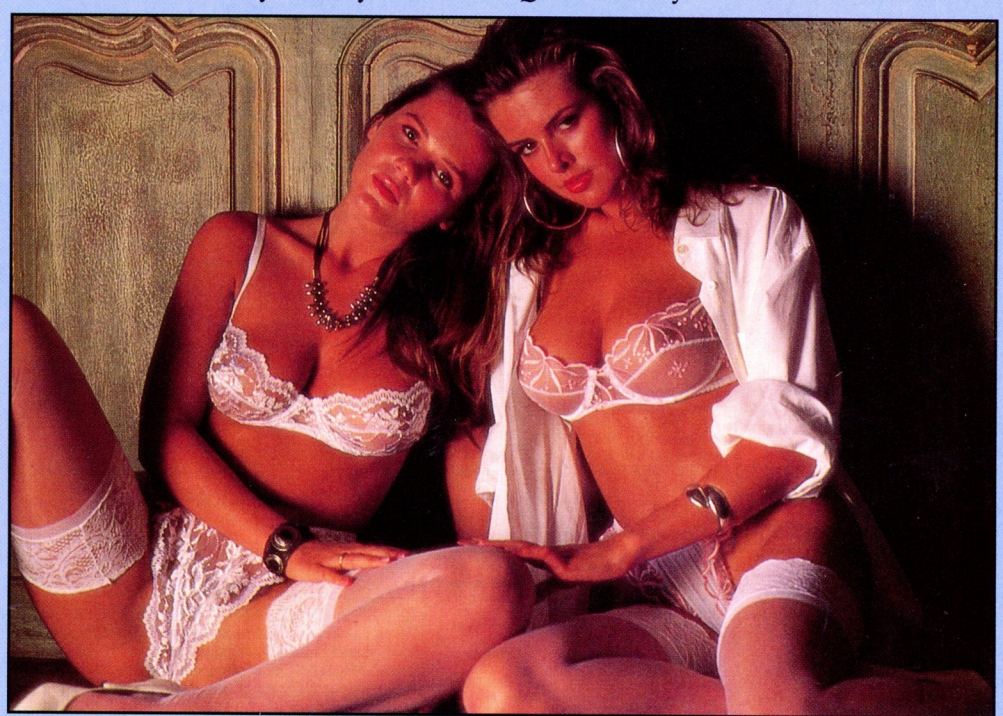
Quest: So have you had any further threesome experiences?

Mr H: Not as yet. My sex-life with Elspeth has improved so dramatically that I haven't felt the desire to try anything more unusual. Really for us, group sex was a kind of therapy for our sex-life, a sort of electric charge that got it going again. But now that we've tried it, we're open to new ideas, and should we want to have a go in the future there won't be a problem.

Quest: And the girls?

Mr H: I was so grateful to them, that I sent each of them a huge bouquet of flowers and a bottle of champagne from us both. They're pleased to have helped out a friend – as well as having a good time themselves!

Quest: Thank you.



PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Mrs M
Sex.... Female
Age.... 25
Town of origin.... Belfast
Other details.... This brunette has been married since the age of 17, and she and her husband have always been open in their sex lives, willing to experiment and share in their fantasies.

Quest

Quest: Have you never found it at all difficult or embarrassing to tell your husband your sexual fantasies?

Mrs M: Not really. I've always believed that you should be open with your partner, if you can be. It can make things so much more exciting. And of course, you only get to know someone when you know what they're really thinking. That's how our involvement in a threesome came about – because one day I confessed to him that I'd been fantasizing for a while about making love to his best friend, Michael.

Quest: Was that a gradual realisation?

Mrs M: Yes, it happened over several years really. I'd always thought he was attractive, but it was only in the last few months that I started to fantasize about him. The fantasies became more and more explicit.

Gradually I found myself thinking about him when I was masturbating on my own, pushing my fingers inside my pussy as I thought about sucking hard on his penis, feeling it deep in my throat. I imagined how he would enter me from behind so that I could really feel him penetrating deeply. The first time I had that fantasy I had the most marvellous orgasm, really shivery and long – that's when I knew I had to do something about it.

When we next made love, I confessed to my husband about my fantasies. At first he just listened to my descriptions of Michael making love to me; then he asked me to go into more and more detail, until it was as though I was telling him a story to turn him on. I could tell that he really liked the idea, and I knew I'd planted a seed in his mind.

Nothing more was said on the matter until one day quite out of the blue my husband announced that Michael would be coming round that evening. "I'll be out," he added, "so look after all his needs till I get back."

Quest: So the impetus came from your husband?

Mrs M: Oh yes, he was an equal partner in this right from the start. A threesome was something we hadn't tried as yet, and he was keen to see how the experiment would go. I think he felt better about it being Michael, rather than a stranger, too.

When Michael arrived I was dressed in just tight jeans and a tight T-shirt, which showed off my boobs and bottom really well. At first he made a pretence of normality, saying that he'd wait for my husband if I didn't mind, but the way he was looking at me, I knew it was all a set-up.

To hurry things up I said, "Why don't you make yourself comfortable, Michael – or shall I do it for you?" And as he stood there I slowly started stripping him garment by garment. It was a terrible job to get his jeans undone, because his penis was so stiff and erect I could barely get the jeans over it. "Let's go upstairs," I suggested.

"My knickers were so wet they were clinging to every fold of my pussy."

I was so eager I started taking my clothes off as I was running up the stairs, stopping just to step out of my jeans and throw them out of the way. My knickers were so wet they were clinging to every fold of my pussy, and Michael was instantly down on his knees to taste my juices. I whimpered as he started licking my slit through the damp material, then he pushed the gusset aside and thrust his tongue right up inside me.

I was panting loudly as Michael inched his way up my body with little nibbles on my skin. I could feel his penis pressing against my legs until it finally rested against my mound. It felt boiling hot. Then he wrapped my legs around his waist and pushed his penis, inch by inch, into me as he held me. His cock was long but not particularly thick, so I could really feel how far up he was penetrating. It was fantastic.

"Kneel on the bed," he told me. "I know how much you love doing it doggy style." I knelt up on the bed, arching my back so that my bottom was in the air, then reached around behind it so that I could spread my pussy lips wide with my fingers, giving Michael a good view of how wet and juicy I was. It was then that I saw my husband looking through the open door. He'd been watching all along, though neither of us had noticed! Now we both stared as he came in and quickly stripped, revealing his penis as hard as I've ever seen it. "Go ahead, Michael," he said. "I know you can't wait too long. Give it to her."

Michael plunged in and started stroking in and out, slowly and thoroughly. I gasped and gripped the headboard. I was so wet that he was slipping, so I clenched my muscles to hold him in and moved my hips from side to side so that my pussy walls stimulated his penis tip while he was inside me. Then I felt an extra weight on the bed as my husband got on next to him.

The sight of his wife having passionate sex with his best mate had really turned him on. His familiar cock was swollen and hard, and as he manoevred his way in front of me, I gently licked its salty end. My husband moaned and ran his fingers through my hair, as I teased the tip with my tongue, then gradually eased him between my lips until he was all the way in. I could feel his cock growing even more rigid in my mouth.

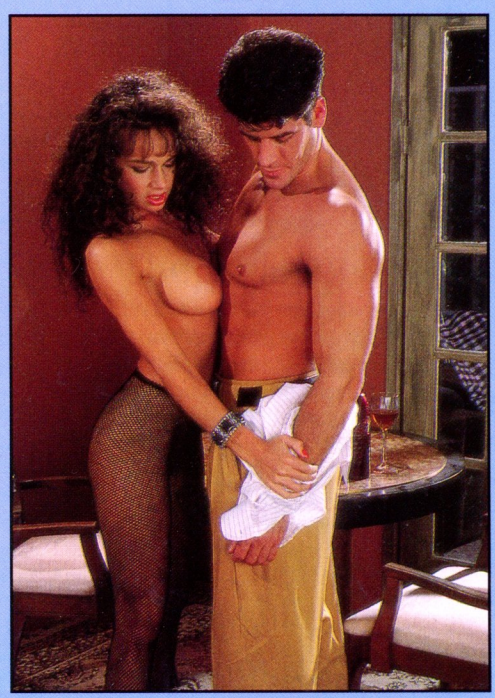
I can still think of it now and bring myself to a climax without even touching myself. Michael was steadily fucking my pussy from behind, and it was his thrusts which pushed my husband's cock in and out of my mouth. It was incredible being filled from both ends: all I could think about was the two cocks I was taking, and which one would come inside me first.

This went on for about 15 minutes, and it felt like I was in heaven. Then Michael began to fuck me harder, and with this huge thrust he came, forcing my husband's cock deeper into my mouth. I came at that moment: I felt so filled, it was the best orgasm I think I've ever had. While I was coming, my husband pulled out and came all over my breasts. It was so erotic and exciting. Afterwards we all collapsed in an exhausted heap on the bed.

Quest: Did it affect your friendship with Michael?

Mrs M: Not really. My relationship with my husband is open and strong enough to tolerate all our sex-games. Group sex has made the trust between us stronger.

Quest: Thank you. Ⓜ



DOUBLE DEALING

As a detective, Daniel was incorruptible. Well, almost. It took someone as beautiful as Christine to tempt him from the straight and narrow... by Philip Cooper

The case was nearly over. No shoot-outs, no chases. For the past two weeks, Daniel's detective work had amounted to sun, sea and drinks — in fact a luxury holiday aboard Victor's yacht.

Through half-closed eyes, he watched Victor shaking up the cocktails behind the mahogany bar, deep in conversation with his tall and devastatingly beautiful girlfriend, Christine. The breeze ruffled her thin dress against her perfect curves and as she looked up, she caught his eye and smiled.

Now, why couldn't all women be like that? Why couldn't his bloody boss be like that? Unbidden, thoughts of Superintendant Helen Green crept into Daniel's mind. That dark-haired, big busted ballbreaker — she was just waiting for him to screw up so she could fire him. Even to *think* of her... shuddering, he took a long draught of iced martini and concentrated his gaze on Christine.

He could not remember seeing a girl quite so stunning. She was part of the reason he had prolonged this job for so long. As she slid gracefully around the bar, her pert breasts moved enticingly beneath the material and for several minutes he was lost in thought.

His contemplation was broken by Victor arriving with two tall glasses brimming with creamy and extremely alcoholic liquid. He set them proudly on the table. "Try that for size, Dan," he said, sinking into the chair opposite. "My speciality. Secret recipe." Instinctively, Daniel ran his fingers over the microphone attached to his waist, ready to capture every pleasant syllable of Victor's conversation.

Daniel tasted the drink. It was delicious and Victor was the perfect host. Charming, and only a little bit

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loud, he chatted effusively through his thick moustache. Behind him, Christine looked deliciously bored.

"We settle it here, then?" Victor asked. "Afloat in the Atlantic where no one can hear — all the best deals are made in such a place." He leaned back and cracked his thick knuckles in satisfaction. Copious black chest hair curled out of his Hawaiian shirt, and the sun glinted on his heavy gold chain.

"Can you re-cap on the situation? I think we got a bit too drunk last night, and I can't remember a thing." *Forgot to put on my microphone, actually.*

"Daniel, my dear man. You kill me, you really do." Victor's laugh boomed across the boat. His shoulders still shaking, he smiled indulgently at Daniel. "You give me the money. Four million dollars. I pack the tail of the helicopter with cocaine. You fly home — and you can keep the helicopter!" He laughed again and waved to Christine, who brought a further jug of the beautiful liquid. She brushed Daniel's hand as she took his glass, and as she stooped over to pour, he had to tear his eyes away from her breasts, nearly visible down the front of her dress. "But we can stay here another day, can't we?" Daniel asked Victor, clearing his throat.

After only a moment's hesitation, Victor said, "Of course. We're friends. I must admit, I was wary of you at first, but we have much trust between us now. I no longer worry that I may have to kill you." He smiled broadly. "I *like* you, Daniel."

That night, beneath a full moon, Daniel stood on deck, watching the pearly water lap the sides of the yacht. His head was woozy and peaceful with drink. His job was nearly done.

It had taken two weeks, but he had the evidence of the deal from Victor's own mouth at last. Helen would have received it, and would be on her way.

***

A little while later, on the mainland, Helen waved her subordinates aside impatiently. "Shhh!" she cried. Her moonlit face was intent on what she was hearing through her large headphones. "The bastard!" she exploded, sending police officers scuttling for cover. "The no-good, unprofessional bastard!"

***

It had happened exactly as Daniel had imagined. As he leaned over the rail, inhaling the sea-fresh air, he felt a soft hand slide between the legs of his shorts. As he turned, Christine kissed him on the mouth with warm lips. "Kiss me back," she urged, taking his hand and placing it on her breast. He kissed the soft lips, feeling them open against his. The nipple under his hand grew hard, and she pushed his hand under her thin nightshirt to feel it more keenly.

He slipped his other arm around her. Her buttocks were firm and round against his hand, and she pressed against him, moving her mound gently against his groin. His cock responded, pressing urgently against his shorts.

"Victor bores me," she whispered. "I have waited so long to meet an exciting man..."

Daniel needed no further invitation. He unbuttoned her shirt, so that she stood naked before him,

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her pale body gleaming. He slipped a finger into the bush of dark hair between her legs, and found her wet already.

She moaned at his touch and her slim hands found their way to his shorts. As she expertly caressed his cock, Daniel bit his lip to stifle a groan that would have carried to the mainland.

It was as he stood with his shorts around his ankles and Christine's inviting mouth making its first steady slide down his shaft that he remembered his microphone. Attached just above his navel, it was perfectly poised to transmit this juicy little scene in glorious technisound to his superintendant.

Daniel's uncontainable groan had nothing to do with pleasure.

He tried to fumble with the cord to loosen it, but it was impossible to concentrate. Christine ceased her relentless sucking only long enough to hiss, "Keep still," before sinking her mouth onto him again and bringing him to the point of no return.

She raised her hands to his buttocks to draw him in further, and at the same time as his climax exploded, he felt her fingers hesitate around the fine cord.

A true lady, she completed her task before asking him, "What's this?" and dangling the microphone in front of him.

"I'm afraid it's a microphone," Daniel said. The last vestiges of ecstasy swiftly left him as he imagined a shrieking body being dragged by the ankles behind a speeding yacht.

Christine looked puzzled, then smiled slowly. "A detective? I'd never have guessed."

"Why not?"

"I don't know... you're too cool."

The remark momentarily blotted out his awful predicament. "Thankyou, Christine," he said. "Does that mean you're not going to tell Victor?"

"Ah, well. That depends. I mean, are you going to tell the police?"

"I sense a deal in the making," Daniel said, then added, "Listen, if we're going to talk seriously, I think I should pull my shorts up."

"Not yet," Christine said. Her lips found their way to the helmet of his limp cock, teasing and sucking, and it wasn't long before it was coaxed back to life. But Daniel wanted to be inside her this time.

He pulled her up, kissing her belly and neck. He sank his mouth onto her nipples, feeling the hard points against his tongue. Christine moaned and leaned back against the rails. By now his cock was rigid, and he slid easily into her, right up to the hilt. Her pussy gripped him as he thrust harder, and he felt her warm juices seeping over his balls. She writhed her hips against him, wrapping her legs tightly round his waist.

With another long moan, Christine climaxed. He watched her arch away from him in the moonlight and the sight brought him over the edge. He plunged deep into her one more time.

She stood naked before him, her pale body gleaming

Afterwards, they sat together on the deck, and Christine rested her head on his shoulder. "I think we're stuck with each other," she said. "If I tell Victor I found a microphone in your shorts, he's bound to wonder why." She turned to him and gazed at him with her gorgeous dark eyes. "Why don't we just run off with the lot?" she asked breathlessly. "I'm only with Victor for the money. I could just as easily be with you."

"Thanks," Daniel said. But what she said made sense. He could be rid of everything he hated, in one swoop. Her slim body starting to wriggle against him made the decision. There was only one question left to ask.

"Can you fly a helicopter?"

***

It was ten o'clock and scorching hot already. Victor basked on a sunlounger, tanning cream glistening all over his hairy body. His face was the picture of contentment, and when Christine walked close to him he playfully tweaked her bottom.

Daniel, in contrast, was aching and exhausted. He tried to appear sweet tempered, but it was difficult. Last night, he had had to endure their very noisy lovemaking in the cabin next-door. It had kept him awake all night.

"I have to do it, to make him sleep tomorrow," Christine had assured him. "Sex wears him out completely for days." But it had sounded far too realistic to be a ploy. Against all his inclinations, he had spent the night with his ear pressed to a glass against the wall, straining his ears to catch any confession in time. He had heard nothing but one shattering climax after another, most of them Christine's.

At the bar, Christine busied herself with the cocktail shaker, producing more of the wonderful Secret Recipe. She seemed unaffected by Victor's continued alertness. The dealer began a rather long and involved anecdote about his car racing adventures in Mexicali, and Daniel frowned as Christine approached with two brimming glasses. "Don't worry," she mouthed, and smiled encouragingly.

Trying to relax, Daniel took a long drink and felt instantly refreshed. He laughed appropriately at Victor's punchline. Victor's own laugh shook the foam in Daniel's glass. He endured it, hoping that laughing might tire the bastard out.

In fact, it did remarkably quickly. As Daniel drained his glass, he saw that Victor had fallen into a dead slumber. He sprawled on the sunlounger, his round face restful, snoring gently. His empty glass lay toppled on the floor. Daniel stared, quite amazed. Then his hands went clammy with fear as he realised what had happened. Numbness began to spread from his toes, creeping rapidly over his body.

He tried to speak, to ask Christine what on earth she'd done... but there was time only to catch Christine's satisfied smile before his own glass fell to the floor and unstoppable, drugged sleep enveloped him.

At that moment a faint whirring became audible in the distance, growing louder with every second. Christine rushed to the rails and squinted out to sea. A fleet of small dinghies was approaching, with a formidable dark-haired woman far in the lead. Christine ran into Daniel's cabin and retrieved the small black attache case from under his bunk. It bulged with money.

Flushed and hurried, she carried it to the waiting helicopter, grabbing open the door and flinging the case onto the passenger seat. Nimbly she leapt inside and turned the key in the ignition. The rotor blades chugged then whirred into life, spinning faster and faster. Christine listened expertly to the engine and checked the dials filling the control panel in front of her. Outside, the hair of the two sleeping men billowed in the wind; around the boat, the sea boiled and foamed.

***

Three thousand feet above the glittering sea the helicopter suddenly fell sharply and lurched to one side before righting itself. "Careful!" Christine exclaimed. Superintendant Helen Green raised her head from Christine's lap, wiped her lips gently, and smiled.

"We'll crash if you keep doing that!" Christine protested, as Helen pressed her face into her thighs again, working her tongue carefully between her plump pussy lips. After a pause during which Christine moaned at the sensations which were flooding her, she continued, "Anyway, I'm not sure that we're even on speaking terms. You took ages to arrive — I thought I'd have to screw them both again!"

"From what I heard in the headphones, you'd have enjoyed it if you had," Helen retorted. "I hope you feel guilty."

Christine glanced first at the attache case full of money, and then at Helen's pretty face buried once more in her lap. She grinned.

"Guilt is the last thing I'm feeling," she murmured, as Helen's exploring tongue touched just the right place, and Christine's back arched in pleasure.

High above the Atlantic a helicopter could be seen silently moving away from the mainland, its fast progress marred only by frequent swoops and plunges, and, if you listened very carefully, faint female laughter. Ⓜ

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

The crowded No 19 bus into the centre of town meant that the young man was pressed in close behind an attractive blonde.

"Hey, will you stop poking me with that thing?" she snapped angrily.

"I'm sorry," said the young man defensively. "It's my wage packet."

"Well, you must work for a good firm, then," replied the blonde, "you've had three rises since Oxford Circus."

Suzy and her boyfriend were indulging in some outdoor lovemaking when she suddenly sat up, frowning.

"David, darling I do wish you would go to the optician's soon."

"Why?" he asked, bemused.

"Because," she replied, "you've been eating the grass for the last five minutes."

Student: Excuse me, Sir, what's your opinion of my essay?
Tutor: Absolute crap.
Student: Okay, but let's hear it anyway.

Standing at the bar, George suddenly noticed a man of very unusual proportions. He was six feet tall with broad shoulders, but he had a head no bigger than that of a child's doll. Curious about him, George went over.

"Er, excuse me," he said, "I couldn't help noticing... "

"I know, I know," said the man. "You're about to ask why I look this way. Well I'll tell you. It was my own stupid fault. I was walking along the beach the other day, when I noticed a bottle sticking out of the sand. As I dug it up and wiped it clean, a genie appeared. It wasn't the usual sort of genie though, but a beautiful naked blonde girl who smiled at me and said, 'You have freed me. You may have one wish.'

"Well, I was completely taken aback. What could I ask for? Then I looked again at her stunning figure and pouting red lips and said, 'I don't suppose you could give me a little head.'"

After ten years of marriage, the delighted couple were able to produce their first baby.

The happy mother asked her husband to make sure that a suitable announcement of the event was placed in the local paper so all their friends could hear of the glad tidings.

When he visited her the following day she asked him if he had contacted the paper and he said: "Yes, but it was awfully expensive. In fact they charged me more than £500."

When his shocked wife asked why, he replied: "Well, they gave me a form to fill in and I put what you wanted me to say. But at the bottom of the page there was a space for the number of insertions. So I put down, 'Twice a week for ten years.'"

When Jock died he went up to the Pearly Gates and was stopped by Saint Peter. "Now then Jock," he said, "tell me what you've done in your life to recommend you for entrance."

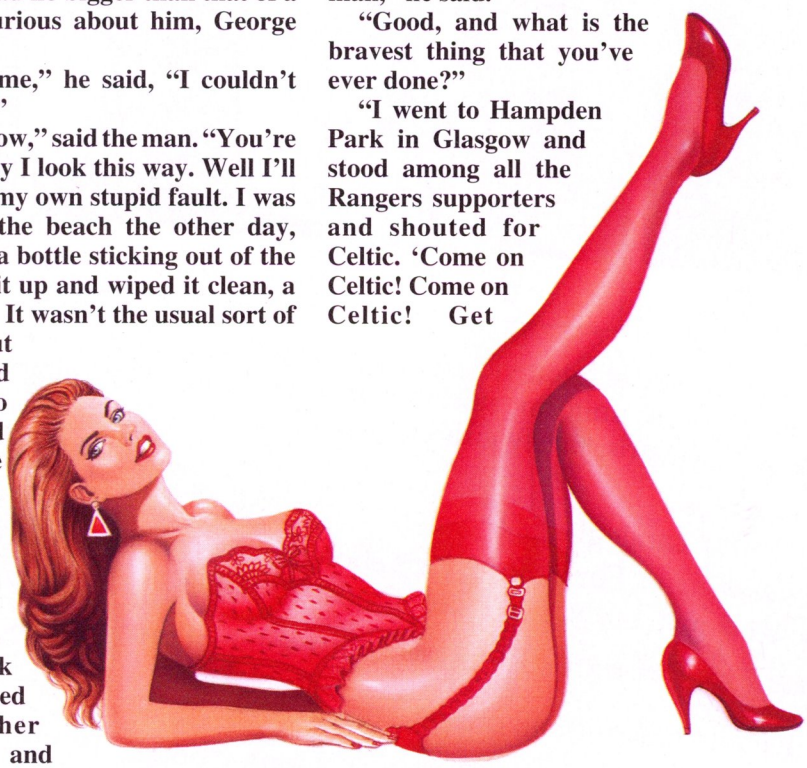
The Scotsman scratched his head and could only think of all the drunken fights he'd been in. "Well, I've been a brave man," he said.

"Good, and what is the bravest thing that you've ever done?"

"I went to Hampden Park in Glasgow and stood among all the Rangers supporters and shouted for Celtic. 'Come on Celtic! Come on Celtic! Get stuck in!'" His voice suddenly trailed away.

"Good, good, and when was that?"

Jock looked carefully at his watch and then replied: "About three minutes ago."



What's black and yellow, lives underground and eats stones?
A black and yellow underground stone-eater.

The young boy came home from school early one day and was unaware that his parents were upstairs making love.

Hearing a noise downstairs, his father — still wearing his contraceptive — went to the balcony to investigate.

"What are you doing, Dad?" the lad asked. Thinking quickly his father replied that he was looking for a mouse.

"Why?" asked the boy, giving his father a puzzled look, "are you going to screw it?"

A young man had just come out of hospital after suffering from a passing sexual complaint. He is quite alright now, but for a while it was touch and come.

A woman went to her solicitors to complain that every time she had intercourse with her husband it was too painful to bear.

"It's awful," she cried. "You see, he is enormous, simply enormous."

"In that case," replied the solicitor, "I suggest that you file your petition."

"Certainly not," replied the wife angrily, "let him sand-paper his." Ⓜ

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